

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Paris scene: Sunday afternoon in the bird market. From July 8 to 14 Radiodiffusion et Télévision Françaises and the BBC Television Service are combining in a Franco-British television week

In this number:

Lessons of the Air War in Korea (William Courtenay)

Partnership in Africa (Lord Hailey)

Alfred North Whitehead, O.M. (Bertrand Russell, O.M.)

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

Lessons of the Air War in Korea (William Courtenay) ...	43
The Struggle for Power in India (Kushwant Singh) ...	45
Partnership in Africa—I (Lord Hailey) ...	47

THE LISTENER:

Happy Marriage ...	48
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	48

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

'Wild Water' Bridge (Gerald Waring) ...	49
Pie in the Sky (Christopher Serpell) ...	49
Cricket at Lord's (Patrick O'Donovan) ...	49
Lace and Dirt (Bertram Mycock) ...	50

MISCELLANEOUS:

Portraits from Memory—I. Alfred North Whitehead, O.M. (Bertrand Russell, O.M.) ...	51
Ruskin in Venice (Robert Furneaux Jordan) ...	52
Strawberry Hill, Twickenham (Nikolaus Pevsner) ...	55

POEMS:

The Poet and his Lice (James Kirkup) ...	54
A Ruin by Inigo Jones (Robert Conquest) ...	64
The Black Sheep (Edrica Huws) ...	64

ARCHAEOLOGY:

The Cretan Tablets (Michael Ventris) ...	57
--	----

PHILOSOPHY:

The Nature of Scientific Theory—IV (Stephen Toulmin) ...	59
The Idea of Promethean Revolt (J. M. Cocking) ...	63
NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	60

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From John Rex, Brigadier M. Hotine, Antony Flew, David Sylvester, Patrick Heron, S. Thorp, Dr. Walter Pagel, G. Cserenyey, Walter Thompson, F. Fairer Smith, Dr. A. L. Cruickshank, and R. D. Gray ...	65
--	----

ART:

Realist Art (Eric Newton) ...	68
-------------------------------	----

THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE

... ..	69
--------	----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television (Reginald Pound) ...	74
Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	75
The Spoken word (Martin Armstrong) ...	75
Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	75

MUSIC:

Buxtehude and the Harpsichord (Kathleen Dale) ...	77
---	----

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE:

Keeping the Insects at Bay (W. P. Matthew) ...	79
--	----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

... ..	79
--------	----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,158

... ..	79
--------	----

Lessons of the Air War in Korea

By WILLIAM COURTENAY

WHEN I flew over the reservoirs and power stations of North Korea with the United States Air Force, they were still intact and were still supplying both light and power to the industries of Manchuria and to the Chinese Communist airfields just beyond the Yalu river boundary. It is from these airfields that Russian MIG fighters have destroyed United Nations aircraft; and that radar-controlled guns have fired with deadly accuracy at our aircraft on the Korean side of the border.

The United States Far East and 5th Air Forces were from the outset of the campaign two years ago faced with the problem of leaving these installations intact. The policy at the time was to bomb nothing which would harm industries in Manchuria and which would thus provide China with an excuse for intervention. In recent months, however, the Communists, under cover of darkness, have made every effort to provide these installations with powerful ack-ack defences and to rebuild the shattered industries of North Korea. Once the Chinese in fact intervened in the war, the original reason for the immunity of the power plants no longer applied, and they became, in my view, legitimate targets of the first magnitude. It must have looked this way to the United Nations Command; hence the heavy air attacks made recently.

But this particular problem is only one by-product of two years' experience of air war in Korea. The overall lesson that has impressed me most as an observer is the manner in which the classic doctrine laid down by the Royal Air Force for the proper use of air power has been followed by the United States Air Force. They are providing over ninety per cent. of the aircraft and

personnel in the campaign. That doctrine has emerged unsullied and has proved once again that it is applicable to war in all kinds of terrain. It may be summed up in three tasks. They are, first, the need to win command of the air over the battle area and the sea approaches for the protection of supplies. Secondly, the need to isolate the battlefield from enemy bases so that the movement of war material and troops by road and rail into the battle area is reduced if possible to a trickle. And thirdly, the task of the strategic air arm—the destruction of war industries on the enemy's home front to reduce his power to wage war.

Winning command of the air in Korea in the early phase of the war was comparatively simple. The small number of aircraft available to the North Korean army were largely destroyed on the ground in the first days. This gave the United Nations air power—then composed of the United States Air Force and one squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force—such dominance in the skies that even during the retreat from Seoul through Taejon to Taegu, the North Koreans could not move easily along the roads or railways by day. Nor could they easily employ tanks or artillery in daylight. The experience proved that where control of the air is absolute, even an army in retreat, or an army outmatched in numbers and fire power on the ground, is still able to hold a good defensive line. The isolation of the battlefield in Korea was undertaken by the bombers of the United States 15th Air Force, aided by the Tactical 5th Air Force, including the Royal Australian Air Force. They were supported by aircraft from British and American carriers which have helped to sustain the operations through two whole years of the conflict.

I have flown some missions by rocket-assisted take-off from the deck of H.M.S. *Theseus* in North Korean waters against strategic targets, and have been very much impressed by the accuracy obtained by our Navy pilots against such difficult targets as long narrow bridges. Perhaps one of the outstanding lessons of this heavy bombing has been the speed with which the U.S. Air Force sprang to arms and the secret behind it. On July 8, 1950, General Vandenberg instructed Major-General O'Donnell at Washington to take his five groups of Superfortress bombers to Japan. Nine days later General O'Donnell sent those B 29s into action against targets in North Korea. In only nine days they had moved 9,000 miles from home bases. I flew with them on some of their early missions. In the first hundred days of the war they virtually put all of North Korea's industries out of action, and were reducing their activities in October, 1950, by fifty per cent. through sheer lack of targets, when China began to intervene in the conflict.

'Operation Strangle'

These bomber groups were able to move so rapidly and operate so quickly, so far from home bases, by lavish use of the transport aircraft. I have flown many missions in B 29s both in the Pacific war and in Korea. Bombers can scarcely carry more than their crew, fuel and bomb loads; there is barely room for one war correspondent as passenger. Yet all experience has proved that a bomber or a fighter force—and this applies also to an airline—is only able to operate effectively if it is assured of the good work of the maintenance crews on the ground. The Americans lay on transport aircraft to move all the ground crews with the bomber forces, and it was this that enabled the bombers to begin operations on the day of arrival in Japan. It seems clear, therefore, that as we approach the jet age for bombers in both the Royal Air Force and the United States Air Force, we must also provide transport aircraft in the 500 m.p.h. class—like the De Havilland 'Comet'—for ground crews. We must either build up our Transport Command, or so foster commercial aviation that large numbers of jet transports will always be available for an emergency. Otherwise the mobility of the Air Force will be seriously impaired.

The isolation of the battlefield in a country like Korea, which is a peninsula and part of a great land mass, is not as easy as it was at the Pacific war. There, I recall, each island campaign rarely lasted more than a month. This was because the island itself was the isolated battle area; sea power cut off each island from its base. No matter what the opposition on the beaches on D-Day, this isolation caused the enemy to fight with what he possessed, without hope of reinforcement or relief. In 'Operation Strangle', which the United States Air Force has inaugurated in Korea and upon which almost every aircraft from land bases and from British and American carriers is now concentrated, the Communists are forced off roads and rails by day. But under cover of night, with the immense man-power available, rail links are restored, roads repaired, and, by use of the 'A' shaped frame which Korean peasants carry on their backs, loaded often with up to 500 pounds of materials, the immense task of 'running the air blockade' continues. In such conditions, aided also by bad weather on some days each month, a Communist build-up in the battle area is to some degree inevitable.

The lesson still holds good, however; that where isolation of the battlefield succeeds, the enemy cannot mount or sustain a prolonged and successful land offensive. This year the best campaigning months of spring—April, May, and June—have come and gone without signs of an offensive. That is the best tribute to the influence of 'Operation Strangle', though under cover of the monsoonal weather, which continues through July and August with our air power often grounded, the Communists may yet risk an all-out offensive. There is also a lesson to be learnt from Korea in ingenuity and inventiveness with all things pertaining to the use of air power. An example was afforded by a 5th Air Force pilot who, finding that the first jet fighters—the American Lockheed 'Shoot-

ing Star', engaged in close support of the Army two years ago—could only remain over the target area for ten minutes, set about finding the answer. By devising outsize auxiliary tanks he raised the time available over targets to forty-five minutes, the same as the piston-engined 'Mustang'. Within a few days the 5th Air Force was turning out 500 of these large tanks per week and the problem was beaten in the field.

Interception of the Russian MIG15 fighters during the last eighteen months has certainly shown the supreme importance of good pilot training and study of tactics. For here is a Russian fighter which at very high altitudes has some superiority over the American 'Sabre'. The air fights take place on ground of the enemy's choosing; his airfields over the Yalu river cannot be touched; all the advantages lie with him; yet despite that he has lost some 350 MIGs in actual air combat against about thirty 'Sabres'. These are better than the figures in the Battle of Britain, and the result is due to superior training and tactics on the part of American pilots. As a result, the Chinese Air Force, using Russia's best fighters, has played no effective role in the campaign; the Chinese armies have been 'on the receiving end' of United Nations air power for eighteen months. The protection given from the air to United Nations infantry has been superb. They have never known a serious air raid; have never had to take cover or dig in from such attacks.

May I say a word finally about experience in the use of the helicopter? It has proved itself as a staff car enabling generals to keep in close contact with their troops down to battalion level; as an air ambulance for movement of wounded from the front line to base hospitals; for air-sea rescue of pilots, often in dramatic circumstance where no other type of aircraft could operate; and for the landing of troops on hillsides to aid their assault upon a summit. The lesson here is that the helicopter can, where local command of the air is established, replace the stretcher-bearer, whose role has not changed since the days of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea almost a century ago. In future, again with command of the air first assured, generals will have restored to them the position they occupied in campaigns which used cavalry up to the close of the nineteenth century. They will be able personally to lead their men into battle, using the helicopter to hover over the battle area, directing the operation by use of radio, and visible in the van to their troops.

Perhaps in the movement of wounded some provision could be made under Geneva Convention rules. Perhaps the helicopter in large numbers could be painted white with the Red Cross, like a hospital ship; maybe it could then be flown by civilian pilots from neutrals and be offered impartially to both sides. Under such conditions both sides would respect its merciful role; and the wounded could be speedily evacuated from a battle-front to base in one swift comfortable movement of fifty miles in thirty minutes. This would avoid those dangerous journeys in oven-hot ambulances over bumpy roads, involving several changes of vehicle; involving too, as I have seen in Korea, surgical operations by lantern or candlelight in hastily improvised casualty clearing stations. Such are the achievements of modern surgery that doctors can save almost all the wounded, if only they can be placed on an operating table quickly. Here is a problem that the helicopter can certainly help to solve.—*Home Service*

'The Listener' Index

The Index to Volume XLVII (January to June, 1952) can be obtained free on application to the B.B.C. Publication Offices,
35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1



Old and new methods of cultivation at Nilokheri in the East Punjab

The Struggle for Power in India

By KUSHWANT SINGH

LAST May, when the first Indian Parliament met in New Delhi, I was one of the crowd that waited outside to catch a glimpse of the President, the Prime Minister, and other members as they drove in. I did not see much of the procession, but I saw a good deal of the crowd which was instructive. Some of the avenues leading to the Parliament are lined with laburnum trees. They were then in full bloom. Besides the laburnum there was the Gul Mohar with its flaming red smacking one in the face. These were sights more compelling than the President's bodyguard or the fleeting figures of politicians. But no one seemed to take the slightest interest in the flowering trees. As each car went by, people shouted the names of the occupants to each other. There was an occasional cheer. It seemed that the crowd knew almost all the members by name.

In the evening, when the offices closed, thousands of clerks poured out of the Secretariat buildings, and cycled past the Parliament, talking animatedly till they came to Connaught Circus, New Delhi's fashionable shopping centre, with restaurants and cinemas dotted all around. They put their bicycles in the stands, bought evening papers, and sat in groups on the lawns reading out the day's proceedings to each other. They had little interest in the passers-by, the traffic, the neon lights, or in the thousands of parrots that came in to roost for the night and made twice as much noise as the starlings in your Trafalgar Square.

We Indians are somewhat like the Irish in our preoccupation with

politics. But these last few months this preoccupation has become an obsession. We have had a sort of honeymoon with democracy. Six months ago over 100,000,000 men and women went to the polls to elect their representatives to the State Assemblies and the Parliament. For some months the results kept coming in. They were watched with as much eagerness as the score of a Test Match. Many eminent leaders,

including cabinet ministers, were defeated. Some parties, particularly the right-wing Hindu Mahasabha, its ally the Jan Sangh, and the Sikh Akalis, which had made big claims before the elections, did not fare too well. Neither did the Socialists and the near-Socialists, the K.M.P. The Communists, whom everyone had discounted, came out as the largest party in opposition.

But the greatest surprise was the overwhelming success of the Indian National Congress which swept the polls all over India. In only four of the twenty-seven States of the Union did it fail to secure an absolute majority over all the other parties put together. In only one, Patiala and the East Punjab States Union, did it have to yield power to the Sikh Akalis. In the House of the Peoples in Delhi it captured more than three-fourths of the seats. It was a tremendous personal triumph for Mr. Nehru. The Congress Party had lost a great deal of its popularity between the going of the British in 1947 and the elections last winter. Then Mr. Nehru took over. He went across the length and breadth of the country. He made a dozen speeches a day, explaining his plans for the prosperity of India. People voted for



Work in progress on one of the four great dams which are part of the Damodar Valley project in West Bengal and Bihar

Nehru rather than the Congress Party. It was lucky for the Congress that it happened to be Nehru's party. Since the elections, Mr. Nehru has made and unmade ministries in the States. He has reshuffled his own cabinet unceremoniously, dropping three important ministers of the last one and replacing them by lesser-known men. The most significant outcome of the elections has been the emergence of Mr. Nehru as the democratically chosen dictator of India.

Reason for the Communists' Success

Since the elections there has been much discussion about the reason for the Communists' success. The chief reason was their excellent organisation and planning. They threw in all they had in the constituencies where they were strong and let alone the others. A contributory factor was the gross underestimation of their strength by the other parties. Despite the fact that the party was illegal in some parts of the country and many of its leaders were in detention or underground, it won several seats. There is a lesson to be learnt from the Communist success. Both in Telengana in the south and in Tripura in the east, the Communists had set up what the Government described as a reign of lawlessness. The Government claimed to have freed the terrorised peasantry of these areas from Communist control. The electorate of these areas belied the contention of the Government by voting solidly Communist.

But one should not over-estimate the strength of the Communist Party. All said and done, they have only thirty-one members, including fellow-travellers, in a House of 499. The Socialists, who have fewer members, polled very many more votes; so did the Akalis and the Jan Sangh in northern India. Since the Communists form the largest party in opposition, a great deal of attention has been focused on their tactics. The leader of the party in the House of the People, Mr. Gopalan, moved several amendments to the presidential address. Most of these dealt with the food situation and India's foreign policy. There was much to be said on the question of food. Famine conditions prevail in three parts of India—Rayalseema in the south, Sundarbans in the east, and Hissar, which is within forty miles of the capital. In many other places the situation is almost as acute. We are importing wheat, milo and rice in large quantities. But the Communists could not blame the Government for the three years of drought which has been the main cause of the famine.

Even on foreign policy the Communists did not have anything constructive to suggest. They criticised what has come to be known in India as the Nehru doctrine of neutrality in the east-west conflict. They denounced the United Nations as an anti-Soviet organisation. They wanted India to quit the Commonwealth. They wanted the Government to seize British capital in India without paying compensation. They wanted the Government to refuse to take assistance from the United States and the allied countries for fear of the political influence which might go with it.

The Prime Minister had little difficulty in answering all these points. 'Without the United Nations', said Mr. Nehru with emphasis, 'the world will be much poorer and have to face greater dangers'. That did not stop him from criticising the 'recent developments in the United Nations'. 'The speeches delivered at the United Nations', said Mr. Nehru, 'almost amount to a competition in mutual vilification'. With his usual candour he admitted that India herself was to blame for some of it.

Mr. Nehru and the Commonwealth

It would interest you to know what our Prime Minister had to say on India's membership of the Commonwealth. The Communists had made a strong case against continuing to be members of the Commonwealth when other member states like Ceylon, and particularly South Africa, passed discriminatory legislation against nationals of Indian origin. Mr. Nehru said that association in the Commonwealth was not affected by disagreement with other members. 'I do not see the slightest reason for us to dissociate ourselves from the Commonwealth', said Mr. Nehru warmly. 'We are completely free to do what we like and function as we like and at the same time have the opportunity of influencing others in the right direction'.

The debate on the President's address and the budget have given us some idea of the Communist members in Parliament. Their first performance was not impressive. This was no doubt due to the fact that very few of them have had any previous experience of parliamentary affairs. The leading figures of the party either did not contest or were beaten at the polls. But more important than their ability is their attitude to the institution of parliamentary democracy.

There are many people in India who are convinced that the Communists do not mean to play the democratic game according to the rules, that they mean to utilise the Assemblies and the Parliament for propagating their creed and then wrecking them. Mr. Rajagopalacharya, who has been Governor-General of India, Minister of Cabinet, and is now Chief Minister of Madras, referring to the Communist members of the Assembly, said: 'You are my enemy number one, and I am your enemy number one'. In the House of the People, also, members have openly accused the Communists of acting in the interests of foreign countries. The Communists have denied these insinuations. It is too early to say whether or not the Communist Party here is different from the parties in other countries.

Now that the dust which the confusion of political parties had created during the elections has settled, we can see one thing clearly. The struggle in the future will be between the Communists and the non-Communist parties led by the Indian National Congress. The Congress has absorbed much of both the conservative right wing and the Socialists. The smaller parties have been virtually eliminated. If the Congress succeeds in its plans to bring prosperity to India, it will undoubtedly retain the hold it has on the country. If, on the other hand, there is bungling, delay and corruption, resulting in deterioration of economic conditions, the Communists will equally certainly cash in.

Alarming Growth of Population

The Congress Party is fully aware of the danger. Immediately after it was assured of a safe five-year tenure in office, it took steps to implement the five-year plan which was the most important part of its election programme. There are two aspects of planning in India. For obvious reasons, the official plan has less to say about one than the other. We have a population of over 350,000,000 which goes up by 4,000,000 every year. No speed of industrialisation can hope to keep pace with this rate of increase. It is a menace of the first magnitude, but instead of being shouted about, birth control is only whispered with the most spinsterish of propriety. It will take many years to familiarise the people with the idea of controlling the birth rate and then getting over their prejudices to practise it. I heard an interesting story of this from a Danish girl who has been touring Indian towns and villages giving B.C.G. vaccinations against tuberculosis. She said that in several towns the people were reluctant to have themselves vaccinated. Rumour had gone round that the letters B.C.G. stood for Birth Control Government.

There was another prejudice which kept the Government from accepting foreign aid to execute its industrial plans. This seems to have gone. The actual operation of the Colombo Plan did a lot to set political suspicions at rest. All over India rivers are being dammed, power stations being built, and the countryside covered with a network of pylons. A good bit of this is being done with foreign money and under the guidance of foreign experts. Apart from these, there are rural community projects with the accent on small-scale industry and farming financed by American money. India has never seen so many tractors at work, and many more keep coming in. So do experts to teach young Indians how to handle them.

I saw one such demonstration centre in action last month. The temperature was 115 degrees in the shade—but there was no shade within miles. A storm had left the atmosphere charged with a red dust almost as thick as a London fog. The land which was being reclaimed was a flat stretch of solid yellow with pampas grass growing all over it. A tractor driven by Indian villagers was chugging up and down, barely scratching the hard surface. An American walked alongside shouting instructions. The tractor went on and on, forward and backward, till the pampas was gone and scratches had become deep furrows. I went up to talk to the American. He was a farmer from Texas. He was drenched in sweat. His shirt and shorts stuck to his skin and the dust on his clothes had turned to mud. I asked him how he liked being in India. 'Mighty fine', he said, 'Mighty fine. My boys are getting on fine too'.

So you see that going out in the midday sun is no longer the monopoly of mad dogs and Englishmen.—*Home Service*

A new series of short monographs called 'Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought' comes from Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge. The first four titles, now available, are *Baudelaire* by P. Mandell Jones, *Croce* by Cecil Sprigge, *Rilke* by H. E. Holthusen, and *Paul Valéry* by Elizabeth Sewell. Each volume costs 6s. and the general editor is Erich Heller.

Partnership in Africa—I*

LORD HAILEY on the dynamic of government

I ALWAYS envy those who come at a late stage into a series of talks such as this, for by that time the scope of the subject has been made sufficiently clear by somebody else, and some entertaining differences of opinion have usually disclosed themselves. One can then join in the debate in the genial spirit of a man who does not see why he should neglect the chance of taking part in any dispute that comes his way. But instead of this, I have to start by defining the subject of our discussion, for the application of the term 'partnership' is obviously open to a wide variety of interpretations.

A Concrete Illustration

I can best make the matter clear by a concrete illustration, and there is fortunately one ready to hand, which has the advantage of being entirely topical. In the recent discussions on the scheme for a Central African Federation, the objections put forward by a number of Africans have been met by the assurance that they were wrong in supposing that the federation was intended to perpetuate the supremacy of Europeans in those territories. That, they were told, was far from the purpose of the Europeans concerned. The object of the scheme of federation was to make constitutional provision for a partnership with Africans which would be directed solely to advancing the common interest of all sections of the population. Let me quote the terms used in the White Paper which gave the conclusions of the Victoria Falls Conference held in September last year. There was, it was said there, 'a general agreement that economic and political partnership between Europeans and Africans is the only policy under which federation could be brought about in the conditions of Central Africa'. Since that time those Africans who have been opposing the scheme have consistently questioned the use of this particular term. The proposals which the conference was considering had not in their view the real elements of a partnership. Some went further, and protested that they could not find in the political practice of the European inhabitants of the Rhodesias anything that would encourage a hope that they would in fact approach the scheme of federation in the spirit of partners.

It is not my intention to discuss here the points at issue in the scheme of Central African Federation. The issues involved must be fought out on their merits, whether they may take the form of the scheme discussed at Victoria Falls or the modified form contained in the White Paper issued earlier this month. The important point at the moment is that both the British Government and the local supporters of that scheme seem to have attached much weight to their statement of the principle of partnership, and what is more, there is evidence that in many other quarters people have tended to find in it a concept which may serve a vital purpose from two different standpoints. They have hoped that it might in the first place provide our own public with a new and more vital interest in the future of those African peoples who are now subject to our political control. In the second place, it might secure from Africans a readier co-operation with us in working out schemes for their economic and social development, and thus divert into constructive channels the insistent demand for political advancement, a demand which now absorbs much of the energy of the more progressive sections of the African people.

I need not say that we are not now discussing partnership in the general and, so to speak, symbolic sense of the word, the sense, for example, in which we speak of ourselves as partners in the Commonwealth. Whatever may have been the attitude of the British public in a more remote past, we can claim that today its attitude towards the peoples of Africa is one of sympathy and helpfulness and has therefore many of the best aspects of partnership. But the issue we are discussing here is not the general aspect of British policy. It specifically concerns our attitude and that of the European communities in Africa towards certain definite problems of African development. It is in the attitude of the European community and in the character of the solutions

offered for these particular problems that Africans will see the test of the principle of partnership.

The appeal made on this occasion to the principle of partnership is not entirely new. Partnership has indeed in recent years been the motto favoured by those who have been endeavouring to find some dynamic concept which can replace our doctrine of trusteeship, and I might well call this our own doctrine, because it is a peculiarly British concept. I will not dwell here at any length on its history. It is enough to recall that the term was first used by Burke in 1782 in connection with India, though it gained its greatest currency in the first part of the nineteenth century, as one of the products of the movement which sponsored the campaign for the abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of slaves. It was primarily a moral doctrine, strong in its condemnation of any form of abuse of power, whether by Government agents or by private enterprise. But it had one weakness. It failed to indicate any positive objective as a guide to the course to be taken in economic or political development. Nevertheless, it provided the best minds in this country with a moral argument which they were able to use, often with decisive effect, in circumstances which seemed to involve a threat to the welfare of the native peoples in the dependencies.

This principle was in time adopted in this country as a leading axiom in Colonial policy. But when one proceeds to ask whether it made an effective appeal to the African people or evoked any definite response from them, the answer can only be given with some qualifications. In the earlier stages of colonial history the great mass of Africans were not interested in the formulation of a philosophy of rule, and were content to judge of our administration by the character of the agents it employed. But with the growth of political interest, the concept of trusteeship came to be viewed with disfavour by some of the progressive sections of Africans. They urged that the relation of trustee and ward implied the possession of superior powers in the hands of the trustee, and they were prepared to question the justification for maintaining this superiority. We were, moreover, continually faced with the crucial question, who was to decide when the trust ought to come to an end? Was it to be the trustee or the ward? Our critics claimed that this ought not to be the trustee, for he was an interested party. Here was the voice of African nationalism which was beginning to make itself heard.

Historians will no doubt agree that when we handed on the conception of trusteeship to the League of Nations just after the first world war, it had already seen its best days, so far at least as the British public was concerned. We admitted that it might perhaps be necessary to remind some other colonial powers of their obligations to the people of their dependencies, but these obligations had by this time become part of our common thought, and there was little real need to remind us of them. It is at all events the fact that just before the outbreak of the second world war, there were in England a number of thinkers who were looking for a new concept to replace the doctrine of trusteeship. They thought that the doctrine of partnership might prove to be the solution for which they were looking, and some of them did their best to give currency to it.

The Promising New Formula

The new formula made a promising, though not very dramatic start in England. It had the advantage that its basis was a relation existing in the familiar world of business, and in the business world partnership had an honourable tradition founded on the existence of mutual effort and reward. Moreover the more cautious minds, who were inclined to approach the whole question in some spirit of anxiety, were able to reflect that the idea of partnership allowed for the existence of both senior and junior partners, and that the senior partners might continue to exercise a measure of direction corresponding to their experience of affairs and their stake in an undertaking. On the other hand, one has to admit that the new formula had a somewhat mixed

(continued on page 67)

* The first of seven talks

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign Broadcasts on the release of Duclos

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

Happy Marriage

BY the time these words appear the Franco-British television week will, if all goes according to plan, be well under way. Without any question of foreign allowance viewers in these islands will have taken an unprecedented kind of journey across the Channel and will have seen something of Paris, its famous landmarks and its people. For this opportunity a special salute is due to the engineers, both French and English, without whose ingenuity and skill the experiment could never have been made. Not the least of the problems to be solved was the marrying of two systems whose technical standards are not uniform. One hopes the affair will, as the saying goes, turn out all right, that it will in fact be a long and happy marriage.

To a generation well accustomed to the semi-miraculous the advent of a new marvel is viewed, if not critically, at all events with a cooler appraisal than might have been accorded to it in an earlier, less sophisticated, age. Today a wireless set is more or less a piece of one's ordinary household furniture. Not to be able to switch on and listen to whatever one wants to listen to in this country or to programmes from abroad is in some respects almost like not being able to switch on the electric light or turn on the water tap: more so, in fact, because there must be a good many homes possessing neither water nor electric light yet equipped with battery sets. With television the case is a little different because electricity is essential, but more and more people are coming to regard the television screen as something they would not be without and are ceasing to see anything particularly marvellous in watching events taking place in another part of the country. One may even become irritated if there is a breakdown! So then, from the point of view of distance and apart from the technical problems involved, to look at something going on in Paris, when a Scottish viewer for example can now with uncanny reliability watch something going on in London, may not appear so very wonderful.

But in this instance, since a national frontier has been crossed (*pace* some of our Scottish friends) there are wider implications. What these implications are it is early days to speak of with precision. Twenty or thirty years ago this new opportunity of seeing one another simultaneously across frontiers might have been hailed as yet one more sign of the nations' readiness to speak peace to one another. May it be so today! And so far as our friendship with France is concerned, can anyone doubt that it will be so? On the other hand, the Franco-British week is only a beginning, and when one considers the possibilities ahead and the linking of television systems over all sorts of national frontiers, one can hardly help reflecting on the grave, not to say awful, responsibility of those whose business it will be to direct the nature of our viewing. In the strength of its attraction, in its ability to create impressions on the public mind, in the influence it wields as an aid or distraction to the art of living, was there ever so potentially powerful a medium? In the presence of such a medium and on its reaching, as it does this week, one of the milestones on its way, it is natural to wonder what impact the spread of television across national frontiers is likely to make on the great problems of our time, particularly on the problems of good neighbourliness and peace. That it can be a useful factor in promoting understanding is not in serious doubt. That it will be so must be the hope of all who care for peace. Whether it will be so or not largely depends on the judgment and good sense or otherwise of those who operate it. For television, when all is said, is but a means to an end.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN the treatment of one's opponents in Communist and non-Communist countries respectively was revealed last week in—on the one hand—the further stage in the disgrace of Anna Pauker, whose dismissal as Rumanian Foreign Minister was announced by Bucharest radio on July 5, and—on the other hand—by the release of Duclos, the French Communist leader.

Commenting on Duclos' release from prison, described in Communist broadcasts as a triumph for 'the international solidarity of the workers' and of the partisans of peace, the Radical Socialist *L'Aurore* was quoted as saying:

There is treason and espionage in the state. It now remains to be seen whether it will suffice to proceed against the underlings and whether the Assembly will allow the true leaders to escape because of parliamentary law. The Constitution forbids—except in certain extreme cases—that action should be taken against members of parliament . . . yet at the same time it puts the two Chambers under the civic obligation to act if the seriousness of the affair is sufficient—as it is in this case.

The Socialist *Le Populaire* asked French Communists to imagine what would have befallen Duclos had he been arrested in Russia or in one of the 'People's Democracies'. Anna Pauker and her colleagues, it added, must surely experience some nostalgia at the sight of what happened in France, and the editorial writer in the paper was quoted as concluding:

If I were a Communist I would be very pleased at Duclos' liberation, but even more pleased that I was living in France, and I would not be at all eager to see the Russians settle in this country and change our institutions.

The New York Times took the same line:

If Duclos had been arrested and tried in Moscow, Budapest, or Bucharest, on the charges preferred against him in Paris—an impossible supposition because in a Communist State he would not have a chance to direct an anti-government demonstration—he would never have been heard of again. But because his case was tried in a French court under the strict letter of French law, he has been freed to rail as much as he likes in parliament and outside against France and for Russia. . . . It is a wise Communist who clings to his democratic privileges. . . . A shrewd agent of the Cominform, though he is the glibest member of the French Chamber, Duclos no doubt knows better than anyone that the only safe and free Communist is the one who does not live under Communist rule.

Meanwhile, Berlin last week was the scene of yet another meeting of the World Peace Council, and the deliberations of these 'finest representatives of progressive mankind' were given wide publicity in Moscow and satellite broadcasts. One matter to be 'exposed' at the Council, said a Prague broadcast in English, was 'the full enormity of the crime' of germ warfare. The latest American 'atrocities' was the bombing of the 'peaceful' Yalu power stations, which would appear also to have been 'exposed'. Moscow broadcasts spoke at length of the 'profound indignation of the world's progressive public opinion' over the Yalu bombings—particularly public opinion in Britain. (It may be noted that for five days after the first Yalu raid, Communist propaganda was silent on the subject, and, as *The New York Times* put it, 'took its strident tone only after the evidence of confusion among the United Nations members'.) A Czech broadcast in English praised the British Labour demand for a debate:

Whether the madman, Mark Clark, and those who direct him from Washington can get away with this latest insane act depends on the attitude of the ordinary people—those of Britain, for instance; for if they insist sufficiently vigorously they can yet force the Americans to make peace, and it is to the credit of the present Labour movement that it reacted at once to the news of the raid by demanding a showdown with the tory Government and with the Americans.

Chinese and North Korean broadcasts described the raids as 'devilish and inhuman', constituting a demonstration of weakness rather than strength. *People's Daily* was quoted as saying:

The criminal American gangsters have destroyed the Yalu project—a beautiful and peaceful project. By adopting such tactics and by dragging out the armistice negotiations, the Americans have proved that they are bent on expanding the Korean war and threatening peace in Asia and the rest of the world. They must bear all the consequences of this crime.

Did You Hear That?

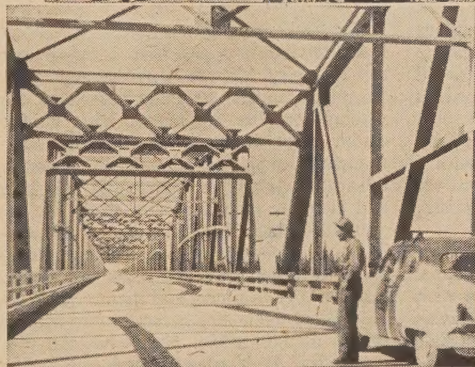
'WILD WATER' BRIDGE

WAY UP IN the extreme north of Canada's Yukon Territory the Royal Canadian Engineers have finished a job they started five years ago, the largest bridge they have ever built. It spans the Donjek, one of the rivers across the Alaska Highway, and GERALD WARING described this feat recently in 'Eye-witness'. 'In north-western Canada', he said, 'about two hundred and fifty miles south of the Arctic Circle, the famous Alaska Highway crosses the Donjek River. The river is aptly named. Its Red Indian name means "Wild Water", and there were times when the men of the Royal Canadian Engineers wondered if they would ever tame the glacier-fed torrent, which swept out earlier wooden bridges like matchsticks.

'The Americans built the Alaska Highway, and in 1943 they planned to throw a permanent bridge across the Donjek. But then the Japanese landed in the Aleutian Islands, and quick completion of the highway became all-important. So the Donjek was spanned with a temporary wooden bridge. However, floods carried away part of the timber bridge each summer, so three years ago Canadian Army engineers started construction of a permanent concrete and trussed steel bridge.

'Most of the work was done in the last fifteen months. Throughout the summer and fall of 1951, pier-piling and copper sheeting were pounded into the permanently frozen river bed. Huge holes were dug and pumped dry, pier-forms erected and concrete poured in. Late in the fall the engineers poured concrete at forty degrees below zero. They used canvas shutters and aircraft heaters to keep the fresh concrete from freezing before it hardened. They spanned the 200-foot gaps between the piers with steel in bitterly cold weather. They stopped only when the steel was too brittle to be riveted. They went back on the job in April and finished the 1,600-foot long bridge in two months.

'The new bridge is the second largest on the 1,200-mile long Highway, and cost \$1,500,000. The Highway was built in nine months early in the war as a military necessity. The sea route from the United States to Alaska was vulnerable to attack by Japanese submarines, and a safe inland route was needed. Since the war the Highway has proved an invaluable asset. It has been maintained by the Canadian Army at a cost of \$26,000,000, and is busier than ever. Its immediate post-war traffic of 500 vehicles a month has increased to 1,000 a day—bringing a swelling flood of tourists, sportsmen, prospectors, miners, businessmen and others, attracted by the beauties and the riches of the Canadian north-west'.



Canadian National Film Board

A Canadian Army engineer surveying for the new steel bridge to carry the Alaska Highway across the Donjek River. Left: the completed bridge with its first vehicle

atomic particles which are called "mesons". They appear to be connected with cosmic rays, and disintegrate in the upper atmosphere; consequently they are observed through the medium of photographic plates exposed at that high altitude, and the apparatus for photographing the disintegrating mesons is borne upwards to the right height by special balloons which automatically release the apparatus when its work is done and allow it to come down to earth by parachute. But the atomic scientists are connoisseurs of these mesons; they are interested in two rare varieties called, after the Greek letters, "pi" and "tau".

'It is difficult to photograph these rarities in the upper atmosphere above the west of England, because there is a high concentration of other more common types of particle there which, in their common way, push in front of the camera and obscure the view. Southern latitudes are more select, and consequently a team of Bristol research workers, accompanied by other scientists from Sweden, France and Italy, and equipped with a special ship called the *Altair*, have arrived at Naples to look for "pi" and "tau" in the blue Neapolitan atmosphere.

'One morning recently one of the special silvery balloons with its load of instruments was launched from Naples airport. It ascended rapidly and after a few minutes it was lost to sight in the haze. But the balloon had not only its own automatic camera, but also an automatic radio with which it was signalling its position to the launching point and to the *Altair*. So it could be ascertained that the balloon at a certain point in its ascent met north-westerly winds which carried it southwards along the coastline over the area of the war-time Salerno landings, and as far as the famous group of Greek temples at Paestum. By this time it had touched an altitude of nearly fourteen miles, and it had reached the zone where there was little or no wind. So, out of sight but not out of touch, it remained stationary and presumably busy photographing mesons "pi" and "tau". At twenty minutes past noon the automatic radio signalled "Instruments away", and the apparatus on board ship was able to trace their parachuted descent to a point in the mountainous hinterland, some sixty miles south-east of Naples.

'The headquarters of the Salerno police command were notified, and at the same time it was announced that any civilian finding the instruments and delivering them to the authorities would be entitled to a reward of 10,000 lira—that is approximately £6. This caused the immediate departure of a good many interested persons towards the upper valley of the River Calore, where the instruments were reported landed. But the police were motorised and better organised, and one of their patrols got there first. The peasants of the Naples countryside, to whom 10,000 lira means more than a week's wages, are hoping the next time the police will not be quite so quick off the mark. For them, as well as for the scientists, these balloons mean "pie in the sky".

PIE IN THE SKY

When a party of scientists from Bristol University arrived in Naples, CHRISTOPHER SERPELL described in 'Radio Newsreel' what went on. 'Bristol University', he said, 'is interested in certain short-lived sub-

CRICKET AT LORD'S

PATRICK O'DONOVAN went to Lord's recently and in the 'Special Correspondent' series in the Home Service described what he saw. 'Lord's cricket ground', he said, 'is a sort of crater that has been

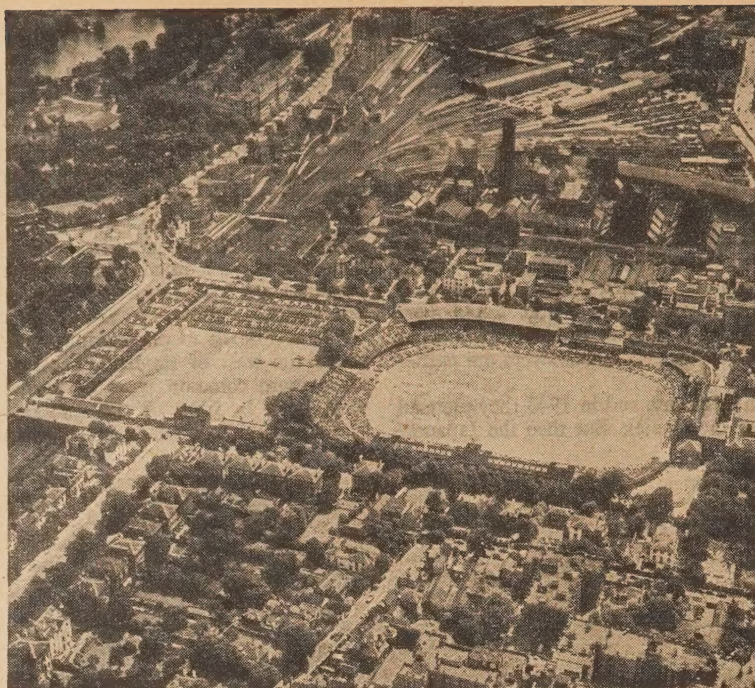
formed in a highly respectable residential district in London. It stands in a no man's land between the aristocratic splendour of Regent's Park and the small shops, the carved and painted pubs, the cheerful noise and muddle of Maida Vale. Here are factories with fat black chimneys; here are yards where people store things behind locked gates; here are tall blocks of flats. It seems to have no shops, no cinemas, no park, just a network of calm streets. There is a splendid white church standing at the top of a gentle hill, and beside it the long brick wall that surrounds the cricket ground.

'Inside you were at once confronted with the blank backs of stands that give no hint at all of what was on the other side. Though you could see no great crowd as yet, the place was filled with an enormous buzz of talk, a sound of thousands of voices in reasonable conversation that made a solid chord of sound. Every now and again, it quickened and rose, and there was a swift and brief burst of clapping. It sounded as if someone were giving away prizes. And underneath each burst, there was also a sort of moo of pleasurable excitement.

'Then the road turned a corner and there was this wide oval of green with white figures, bending and moving, far away in its centre. There were hundreds of people standing here. In front—the cricket, and behind, a balconied building called the Tavern. Everyone lingered here a little on the way to their seats. Many of the men looked as if they had just come back from the Far East or Africa, and had come here to recapture something they had often remembered and desired. I do not mean to say that this was a crowd composed of a single class or type. I suppose it was as typical a cross-section of the men of this country as you could find anywhere. There were all sorts—excited small boys, young men in sports jackets and open-necked shirts, old men in cloth caps and watch chains, African students with partings cut into their hair like topiary, Indians in Congress caps or city suits, a few Americans with cameras, bearded men, men with clipped moustaches brushed outwards, bald men whose heads were capped with a knotted handkerchief to keep off the sun, elegant men with silver flasks and sandwich cases, families with string bags and vacuum flasks. Indeed you could not pin them down at all.

'The road round the ground at Lord's meanders like a village street avoiding ancient property rights. Big stands look over little stands. Men with cigars lean over exclusive balconies and shout to men with umbrellas underneath. Waitresses served tea furiously. There are lawns for people to picnic on. Places for the press to have lunch in. Memorials to the great names of cricket. And then there is the Pavilion, which is the Vatican, the Kremlin, the Westminster of cricket—a tall, bony Edwardian building, hung about with flimsy balconies, full of men who mind about cricket almost more than anything else, and on Test Match days impossible to enter unless you have the right to wear the bright and ugly tie of the M.C.C. Finally there is the Mound which is a low grassy bank. Once, I am told, people used to use it as a casual stand where they could recline like Georgian poets to watch the game. But progress, even in Lord's, has intervened and there is now a low stand in front of it, which holds more, but which has not much pleased the people for whom this place is an institution and therefore unchangeable.

'I was fascinated by the decorum and the dignity of the place and the occasion. The game itself had, emotionally, nothing in common with one of those swift rugby matches, where you must stand and shout as the line of three quarters breaks like a wave on the other team. Some Indian women, with crimson caste marks on their foreheads and



Aerial view of Lord's cricket ground: 'a sort of crater . . . in a highly respectable residential district in London.'

Aerofilms Ltd.

long filigree ornaments in their ears, were shouting with excitement whenever they thought an English wicket might fall; but the people round me looked at them with surprise and smiled at each other, not blaming them, rather liking their enthusiasm in fact, but certainly finding it surprising.

'There was no dominating athleticism, no display of physical strength for its own sake; the better the player, the more easy he made it look. People went there to admire a rare skill, almost an artistry. There was no violent partisanship. Some of the spectators dropped in for a few hours' expert pleasure. But most arrived and sat firmly in their seats hour after hour. It had a sort of mesmerising quality. How pleasant to sit and sit, unworried, conscious perhaps of knowing a little more about this one subject than most other people, comparing this near-perfection with the hundreds of games

that they had played in at schools, on village greens, for works' teams and small clubs. And then the game, with all its deceptive simplicity, was beautiful to watch.

'No one could claim that Lord's itself is an architectural masterpiece. Yet it fits and it is right. The buildings with their lacy balconies of white painted iron, the trivial decoration, the pleasant English huddle of it, all were exactly right. Behind the stands were the factory chimneys, the tops of trees, the suggestion of a great city. But here in Lord's, we were apart'.

LACE AND DIRT

In the Light Programme BERTRAM MYCOCK explained why lace-making is a dirty industry, and what is being done in Nottingham to overcome this difficulty. 'There is hardly any machine so complicated', he said, 'or so dependent on smoothness and complete accuracy, as the lace-making machine, no matter what kind of lace it makes. Where the cotton loom has one shuttle, the lace machine may have fifteen thousand, each one running in a narrow groove. They have to be lubricated, and you cannot use oil, because it would ruin the lace and clog the machines with fluff. For scores of years they have used graphite—black lead to you and me—dusted on to the bobbins. This black powder gets all over everything. The twist hand, or weaver as he is called in some parts of the trade, ends his shift almost as black as a coal-miner, and the black has to be scoured off the lace.'

'The problem has become more acute now that five per cent. of the thread used is nylon. Nylon has the property of charging itself with electricity, as it runs through the machines. And when charged, it picks up all the dirt and fluff that is going. So the search for something better than graphite is top priority in the new lace research laboratories in Nottingham. Well, they think that three years' work is now ready to yield results. A new secret lubricant is already on trial in many of the town's mills. I saw curtain lace being made on tremendous machines that create a piece of fabric twelve yards wide. One feature of these machines is the great mass of strings—many thousands on some machines—that come from a piece of machinery high in the roof and pull the warp threads to make the pattern. Then there is another bit of research to find a string that will not tighten in wet weather, throwing the whole mechanism out of gear. But lace means more than curtains. I saw hairnets in great foamy masses, mosquito netting for the Services, lace for women's gowns, edging lace that is made in sheets and then cut into strips, and stiff black nylon lace for women's dress shoes'.

Portraits from Memory—I

BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M., on Alfred North Whitehead, O.M.

MY first contact with Whitehead, or rather with his father, was in 1877. I had been told that the earth is round, but trusting to the evidence of the senses, I refused to believe it. The vicar of the parish, who happened to be Whitehead's father, was called in to persuade me. Clerical authority so far prevailed as to make me think an experimental test worth while, and I started to dig a hole in the hopes of emerging at the antipodes. When they told me this was useless, my doubts revived.

I had no further contact with Whitehead until the year 1890 when, as a Freshman at Cambridge, I attended his lectures on statics. He told the class to study article 35 in the text-book. Then he turned to me and said, 'You needn't study it, because you know it already'. I had quoted it by number in the scholarship examination ten months earlier. He won my heart by remembering this fact. His kindness did not end there. On the basis of the scholarship examination he told all the cleverest undergraduates to look out for me, so that within a week I had made the acquaintance of all of them and many of them became my life-long friends. Throughout the gradual transition from a student to an independent writer, I profited by Whitehead's guidance. The turning point was my fellowship dissertation in 1895. I went to see him the day before the result was announced and he criticised my work somewhat severely, though quite justly. I was very crestfallen and decided to go away from Cambridge without waiting for the announcement next day. After I knew that I had been elected to a fellowship, Mrs. Whitehead took him to task for the severity of his criticism, but he defended himself by saying that it was the last time that he would be able to speak to me as a pupil. When, in 1900, I began to have ideas of my own, I had the good fortune to persuade him that they were not without value. This was the basis of our ten years' collaboration on a big book no part of which is wholly due to either.

In England, Whitehead was regarded only as a mathematician, and it was left to America to discover him as a philosopher. He and I disagreed in philosophy, so that collaboration was no longer possible, and after he went to America I naturally saw much less of him. We began to drift apart during the first world war when he completely disagreed with my pacifist position. In our differences on this subject he was more tolerant than I was, and it was much more my fault than his that these differences caused a diminution in the closeness of our friendship.

In the last months of the war his younger son, who was only just eighteen, was killed. This was an appalling grief to him and it was only by an immense effort of moral discipline that he was able to go on with his work. The pain of this loss had a great deal to do with turning his thoughts to philosophy and with causing him to seek ways of escaping from belief in a merely mechanistic universe. His philosophy was very obscure, and there was much in it that I never succeeded in understanding. He had always had a leaning towards Kant, of whom I thought ill, and when he began to develop his own philosophy he was considerably influenced by Bergson. He was impressed by the aspect of unity in the universe, and considered that it is only through this aspect that scientific inferences can be justified. My temperament led me in the opposite direction, but I doubt whether pure reason could have decided which of us was more nearly in the right. Those who prefer his outlook might say that while he aimed at bringing comfort to plain people I aimed at bringing discomfort to

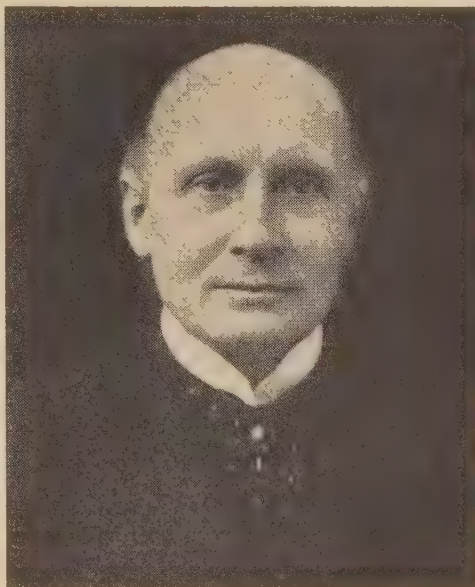
philosophers; one who favoured my outlook might retort that while he pleased the philosophers, I amused the plain people. However that may be, we went our separate ways, though affection survived to the last.

Whitehead was a man of extraordinarily wide interests, and his knowledge of history used to amaze me. At one time I discovered by chance that he was using that very serious and rather out-of-the-way work, Paolo Sarpi's *History of the Council of Trent*, as a bed book. Whatever historical subjects came up he could always supply some illuminating fact, such, for example, as the connection of Burke's political opinions with his interests in the City, and the relation of the Hussite heresy to the Bohemian silver mines. He had delightful humour and great gentleness. When I was an undergraduate he was given the nickname of 'the Cherub', which those who knew him in later life would think unduly disrespectful but which at the time suited him. His family came from Kent and had been clergymen ever since about the time of the landing of St. Augustine in that county. He used to relate with amusement that my grandfather, who was much exercised by the spread of Roman Catholicism, adjured Whitehead's sister never to desert the Church of England. What amused him was that the contingency was so very improbable. Whitehead's theological opinions were not orthodox, but something of the vicarage atmosphere remained in his ways of feeling and came out in his later philosophical writings.

He was a very modest man, and his most extreme boast was that he did try to have the qualities of his defects. He never minded telling stories against himself. There were two old ladies in Cambridge who were sisters and whose manners suggested that they came straight out of *Cranford*. They were, in fact, advanced and even daring in their opinions, and were in the forefront of every movement of reform. Whitehead used to relate, somewhat ruefully, how when he first met them he was misled by their exterior and thought it would be fun to shock them a little. But when he advanced some slightly radical opinion they said, 'Oh, Mr. Whitehead, we are so pleased to hear you say that', showing that they had hitherto viewed him as a pillar of reaction.

His capacity for concentration on work was quite extraordinary. One hot summer's day, when I was staying with him at Grantchester, our friend Crompton Davies arrived and I took him into the garden to say how-do-you-do to his host. Whitehead was sitting writing mathematics. Davies and I stood in front of him at a distance of no more than a yard and watched him covering page after page with symbols. He never saw us, and after a time we went away with a feeling of awe.

Those who knew Whitehead well became aware of many things in him which did not appear in more casual contacts. Socially he appeared kindly, rational and imperturbable, but he was not in fact imperturbable, and was certainly not that inhuman monster 'the rational man'. His devotion to his wife and his children was profound and passionate. He was at all times deeply aware of the importance of religion. As a young man, he was all but converted to Roman Catholicism by the influence of Cardinal Newman. His later philosophy gave him some part of what he wanted from religion. Like other men who lead extremely disciplined lives, he was liable to distressing soliloquies, and when he thought he was alone he would mutter abuse of himself for his supposed shortcomings. The early years of his marriage were much clouded by financial anxieties, but, although he found this very difficult to bear, he never let it turn him aside from work that was important but not lucrative.



A. N. Whitehead (1861-1947)

He had practical abilities which at the time when I knew him best did not find very much scope. He had a kind of shrewdness which was surprising and which enabled him to get his way on committees in a manner astonishing to those who thought of him as wholly abstract and unworldly. He might have been an able administrator but for one defect, which was a complete inability to answer letters. I once wrote a letter to him on a mathematical point, as to which I urgently needed an answer for an article I was writing against Poincaré. He did not answer, so I wrote again. He still did not answer, so I telegraphed. As he was still silent, I sent a reply-paid telegram. But in the end, I had to travel down to Broadstairs to get the answer. His friends gradually got to know this peculiarity, and on the rare occasions when

any of them got a letter from him they would all assemble to congratulate the recipient. He justified himself by saying that if he answered letters, he would have no time for original work. I think the justification was complete and unanswerable.

Whitehead was extraordinarily perfect as a teacher. He took a personal interest in those with whom he had to deal and knew both their strong and their weak points. He would elicit from a pupil the best of which a pupil was capable. He was never repressive, or sarcastic, or superior, or any of the things that inferior teachers like to be. I think that in all the abler young men with whom he came in contact he inspired, as he did in me, a very real and lasting affection.

—Home Service

Ruskin in Venice

By ROBERT FURNEAUX JORDAN

IT was some time in the 'sixties that John Ruskin—not yet the prophet of Brantwood, but slim and elegant—became visitor and lecturer at a fashionable girls' school. Burne-Jones has described him for us, dancing quadrilles with the girls: the girls in full white evening frocks, Ruskin moving between them 'like a thin black line'. That is one picture, here is another: Bellini's great painting of the Piazza San Marco in 1496 . . . very nearly as it is today. In front of the marble and gold church the whole entourage of the Doge, bearing huge candles, move in slow procession around the miraculous space of the Piazza—all in full-length tunics of white satin.

There, then, are two pictures of two worlds. Impossible, surely, ever to transfer that 'thin black line' from the drawing-room at Winnington Hall, to see him instead moving, gyrating, through the white satin throng of dukes and merchant princes. And yet, sitting in the Piazza that is in fact the very thing I tried to do.

There is in this world no luxury so complete, yet compounded of so many strange emotions, as that sitting back hour after hour in the Piazza: letting it, so to speak, come to one. You have left the world behind in this island city without wheels; yet, as never before, the world is humming round you. There is of course, inevitably, the aura of all the sham romanticism there ever was: Byron apostrophising the Bridge of Sighs; the rococo Venice of Goldoni; George Sand and de Musset in the huge bedroom with the Veronese ceiling; street scenes with Austrian officers throwing bouquets at Euphemia Ruskin, the sequestered ladies of *The Aspern Papers*. And now, today, ladies from lunch-clubs in Boston; German tourists—they always did come to Venice; sailors scattering dark blue to give aesthetic unity to the crowd; the English, hugging their currency; the money-changers and the postcard stalls—and over it all the whirr of the pigeons.

But stop, listen! The pigeons are resting and there comes a murmur that is nowhere else in the world, the murmur of talk—of talk from a big crowd in an otherwise silent city. Stop, look! It is stone, it is mosaic, it is marble—from the paving under your feet to high on St. Mark's where, as Ruskin wrote, 'the crests of the arches break into marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell'. Yes, it is all stone, mosaic and marble—the only city square in the world without a green leaf. It is all architecture and Latin sophistication.

The most hackneyed scene in Europe? Perhaps, but then somehow Venice can, as we say, 'take it'. The magic still works. A

hundred years ago it worked on Ruskin. It captured and tortured him. Byron, Wagner, D'Annunzio all got a little drunk on it, for it is all the finest champagne even if, like champagne, it is a little vulgar. But Ruskin drank deeper. He pitted his sensitivity, his twisted inhibitions, and all the ingrained, well-regulated habits of an Evangelical child against all the gorgeous virility of all Bellini's doges, actually hoping, if you please, to understand them and even to explain them. Of course the doges won, and in the end he fled back to his dear snows of Chamouni and to his mother on Denmark Hill. It was painful, but because of it he gave to Victorian England, and to us, a new power to see.

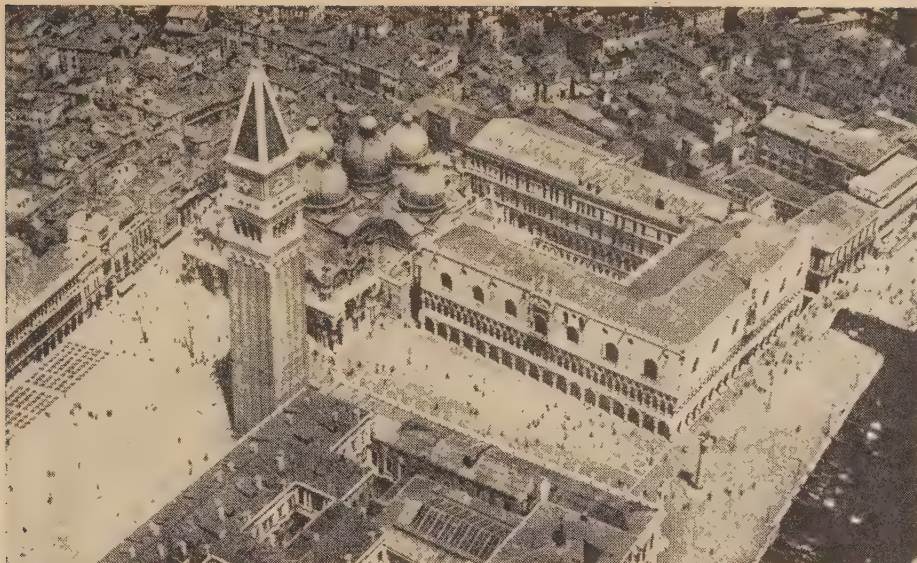
How quiet, how undramatic, was his first sight of Venice. It was in 1836, in what he calls 'those olden days of travelling', when he perched on a box inside his parents' travelling carriage. Blissfully, luxuriously, they wound their way through medieval France—you remember his crumbling tower of Calais, his church porch at Abbeville—and so over the Col de la Faucille to the hour when the gondola shot into the open lagoon from Mestre: no causeway then for cars and trains,

only, he writes, 'the shallowness of the vast sheet of water which stretched away in leagues of rippling lustre to . . . the narrow line of islets bounding it to the east; the salt breeze, the white moaning sea-birds, the masses of black weed separating and disappearing gradually, in knots of heaving shoal under the advance of the steady tide, all proclaim it to be indeed the ocean on whose bosom the great city rested so calmly'.

After nine years he came back to 'this golden clasp upon the girdle of the earth'. There lay behind him, Oxford—where he had preferred the fritillaries of Christchurch Meadow to Latin or Greek, but had found in Anacreon that the Greeks loved roses. There also lay behind him, Florence—where he had discovered Primitives; and Rome—where he had been ill, and in and out of love. He had found such 'horror lying over the impious city' that he had turned with relief to 'Apennines sheeted in snow'. Above all there lay behind him the first volumes of *Modern Painters*, that defence of Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites that eventually became a vast essay on all kinds of filigree, 'from hoar frost to high clouds', ivy stalks, or that 'imagery of golden globes suspended upon leaves of lilies' that still makes the parapets of Venice. This infinite sensitivity to the minutiae of beauty may remind us of Proust or Gerard Manley Hopkins, but with Ruskin it had all been there as a child, interwoven quite hopelessly with his Bible. Now, when he came back to Venice, the sensitivities of that child—



'Not yet the prophet of Brantwood, but slim and elegant': John Ruskin in 1843, by G. Richmond, R.A.
By courtesy of the Ruskin Literary Trustees, and Allen and Unwin



The Piazza of St. Mark, Venice, 'the only city square in the world without a green leaf'

who, in his first prayers had asked that the frost might not hurt the almond blossom—were being shaped into a man's philosophy.

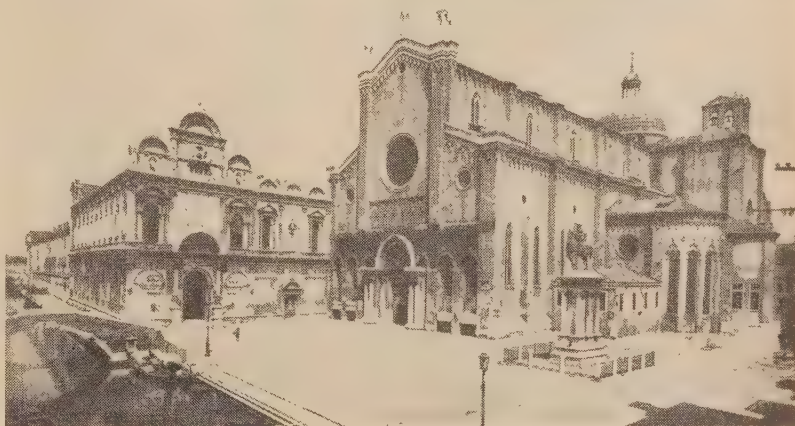
Today the crowded water-buses take you from the station to the Rialto and on to San Marco, through that canyon of palaces, past the quay where barges bring cabbages and asparagus from the islands. There, in 1845, you could have seen Ruskin and his drawing-master, morning prayers finished, tying up their gondola by six a.m. In the afternoon they would lash it to the stern of a fishing boat, sailing within or outside the Lido and sketching the boat and sails 'in varied action'. Then, after dinner on the balcony—all soufflé, Sillery and sunset—came the walks. They 'found light', he told his father, 'such as Turner in his maddest moments never came up to . . . or a moon enough to make half the sanities of the earth lunatic'. So, he surrendered to what he called the 'pure childish pleasure' of seeing at high tide the gondola beak inside the door of Danieli's, and, he added, 'all along the canal sides, marble walls rising out of the salt sea with little brown crabs on them, and Titians inside'. This, he says, was the beginning of everything.

But of course all that was only Venice 'as a temptation'. The real beginning he himself called 'a luckless day'—the day he knocked on the door of the Scuola di San Rocco and rediscovered for the world the power of Tintoretto. The golden choirs of Fra Angelico were forgotten; Ruskin was utterly crushed and, at the end of the day, could only lie on a bench and laugh. Years after he wrote in *Praeterita*: 'But for the porter's opening I should have written *The Stones of Chamouni* instead of *The Stones of Venice* . . . but Tintoretto swept me away into the *mare maggiore* of the schools of painting which crowned the power and perished in the fall of Venice; so forcing me into the study of the history of Venice herself'. He now placed Tintoretto, with Turner, highest of all; and, as *Modern Painters* was to interpret Turner to the world, so *The Stones of Venice* was to interpret Tintoretto. True, *Modern Painters* gives us the Alps, the clouds and the lamps of heaven in the bargain; but then *The Stones of Venice* gives us the ruined homes of Foscari and Falier, all the desolate poetry of the lagoons, and Tintoretto. The real beginning, therefore, was when Tintoretto's 'Crucifixion' of the Albergo—you still stand quiet and long before it—led him on. Until he found himself, year after year, dancing that impossible quadrille, the black frock-coat threading its way, uncomprehending, through the gold and white of a Byzantine Court.

That phrase, 'a luckless day', betrays him. In the 'forties he was still implacably Protestant, Evangelical. His father still mourned the

bishop the world had lost to gain a critic. Year after year, from Genesis to Revelation, he had read the Bible with his mother; cleanliness came next to godliness, and next to that all the little conventions and courtesies of a merchant's house on Denmark Hill. So long as that infinite sensitivity could find itself in Falls of Schaffhausen, Jura Forest or the narcissus meadows at Vevay, then all was well; for 'nature' could be anthropomorphic and synonymous—almost—with God the Father. But now, and it was very disturbing, he had looked upon the work of Papists long since dead, and found that it was good. He was leaving a safe, sweet world for a new kind of beauty—Catholic, sinister, cruel and, almost certainly, dirty—and all to wear himself out, proving that gothic and Byzantine Venice—domination of the seas having given her some little spirit of independence—was virtually Protestant. It was one of the silliest somersaults in literature and the result was a great masterpiece.

He knew he was playing with fire. He might fall to the temptation of Tintoretto, lovely skies and baby crabs: 'Thank God I am here', he wrote, 'it is the Paradise of cities'—then hurriedly added: 'This, and Chamouni are my two bournes of earth'. Or again, after having been ill in Venice, he had gone to his parents in Switzerland: 'I woke from a sound, tired sleep in a little one-windowed room at Lans-le-bourg . . . red aiguilles on the north against pure blue—the



Church of Giovanni e Paolo, 'a scene of brick and marble'

great pyramid of snow down the valley one sheet of light. I dressed in three minutes and climbed the grassy slope to the first pines. I had found my life again—all the best of it . . . what good of religion, love, admiration or hope had ever been taught me'. Two worlds on either side the Alps: one clean, well-disciplined and Protestant, the other virile, exotic and Latin; it was, as Ruskin said, 'the difference between the district of the gentian and the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off as they lean upon the Sirocco wind'.

On May 1, 1851, as everyone knows, the Queen opened the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. 'All London is astir'—this is Ruskin writing in his diary at Denmark Hill—'and some part of all the world. I am sitting in my quiet room hearing the birds sing, about to enter on the true beginning of my Venetian work. May God help me to finish it—to His glory, and man's good'. It was an exalted mood, possible only after very hard work in Venice the previous year. It was in this work that I got nearest to him, perhaps because, like Ruskin, I have bothered myself with ladders on ruins. After lazy morning hours in

the Piazza I lose myself in the labyrinth of those passage-streets—little spaces form where streets and a canal meet, and a white humpbacked bridge makes it all Bellini or Carpaccio. There is only the pad of feet, then comes the splash of an oar or the smack of wavelets on marble steps. And now the labyrinth dissolves into the big *campo*, as where Colleoni rides proudly and forever before the Church of Giovanni e Paolo. It is here, at Zanipol, that I find Ruskin; in the morning he is busy among the doges' tombs; on the older ones he looks for crisp lilies, convolvulus, or angels' wing feathers to set against the classic and heraldic pride of the later. For when the workman forgot nature, he forgot God, and so ceased to love his work; that was the 'gothic sickbed of Venice, when the flower of the Middle Age withered in the first wanton frosts of the Renaissance night. I look at these tombs, and for me they are just gloriously carved stones in a scene of brick and marble; for Ruskin they were the text for his long sermon on the infidelity and corruption of the power of Venice, and on stones as a nation's biography.

Wrestling with Mouldering Glory

Nearby I stumble upon a Byzantine palace. To me it is all a dream of grey and white—the gold all gone. But there is the black coat and blue cravat, the valet with portfolios, measuring rods and notebooks. To him it is all hard work. John Ruskin of Camberwell is wrestling with the mouldering glory of Falier and Foscari; he is firm in his faith that desolation came only to the revel city of the Renaissance—'her glorious robe of gold and purple was given her when she first rose a vestal from the sea, not when she became drunk with the wine of fornication'. And, somehow, these notebooks and ladders had got to prove it.

But now I am back in the Piazza. Once again all is marble, pigeons and animation. And yet, in the café under Sansovino's arches, I see reflected in my aperitif only the grey spire of Salisbury rising above the elms. It was over there, by the Bocca di Piazza, that Ruskin, too, recalled the low gateway, the inner close where only tradesmen's carts go to serve the bishop, mown lawns, trim houses of red brick, the canon's children walking with their nursemaid, the west front with its empty niches and high, bleak towers—the rooks, with their clangour, like a drift of eddying black points. For me it is a contrast, for him it has a moral. He compares the 'drowsy felicities' of that northern precinct with this Piazza a hundred years ago; with its shrieking salesmen, beggars, filth, Austrian brass bands, and sullen urchins gambling and fighting on the church plinth, while 'Christ and his angels look down upon it'. He fled in shocked horror into the golden quietness of St. Mark's.

You see: that poetic contrast between north and south is, paradoxically, a gift to us out of his own conflict: so is much that is exasperating or outrageous. But even that has some fascination since it shows us conflict in action—Ruskin continually justifying himself to himself. In the great chapter on St. Mark's, where he tells us the whole iconography of the mosaics in the light of his English Bible, he makes the shattering statement that he had never known of a Christian 'whose heart was thoroughly set upon the world to come, who also cared about art at all'. He meant, of course, a Victorian Christian: the statement as such would wipe out the Byzantine and medieval world, his whole theme. Standing within the golden caverns of St. Mark's I was, therefore, glad to remember that it was there he bemoaned 'the lost power of Byzantine domes over the human heart', and there that he first had doubts about his mother's teaching. In *Praeterita* he did say he could no more have become a Catholic than a Turk, but for years Manning expected his conversion. In that impossible quadrille on the Piazza both sides gave and took a little ground: Ruskin's loss of faith was a victory to the doges.

His greatest defect—we are told this so often—is the mass of 'purple patches', over-charged prose. But we must condone them, a little because they were written in the full joy of youth, but mainly because they were a means to a great end. Our grandfathers liked their prose bejewelled and thus did Ruskin open their eyes to the art of medieval Christendom. As I looked across the canal to where the evening light caressed the dome of the Salute I considered how all this was for Gibbon's generation—the classical snobs of the Grand Tour—only 'barbaric piles on the banks of dirty ditches'; while the philistine disposed of it with Kingsley's gibe about 'beggars, fleas and vines . . . and Popish Apennines'. They were a stiff-necked and uncircumcised generation, but by his prose Ruskin shook them.

The clue to his real purpose is a passage of Evangelical temper

where he says that 'so long as our streets are walled with barren brick', our faculties starved of beauty, it may be positively harmful to delight the senses, just when they should be composed for devotion. For a second we glimpse here the Sunday morning ghost of a bare Camberwell chapel, but that phrase, 'so long as our streets are walled with barren brick', is the key. The whole point about the golden caverns of St. Mark is that they were not for starved faculties and were not unique, but only the shrine of a golden city. And Venice herself had not always been unique among cities. She is unique now because her lagoons have isolated and protected her; once the whole gothic world was studied with such jewels: even London, the London of Richard II, was as fair. The mutilated cathedrals only misrepresent that world, for in it they were merely incidents, nodal points as it were, in cities of the same fabric as themselves.

Thus, with a social conscience to match his sensitivity, he left a sweet, safe world to write for us, in his best years, *The Stones of Venice*, all a sacrifice and a duty in the high, moral Victorian manner. He might say that Tintoretto had led him on; that he could have ignored. What he could not ignore was the devastating fact that, with great maritime wealth, men had built upon the lagoons this golden city; while, also with great maritime wealth, they were now building upon the Thames . . . only London. His first sentence makes it clear; it compares the three thrones set upon the sand: Tyre, of which only the memory remains; Venice, of which only the ruin; and England, which if she forgets the example of the others, 'may come to less pitied destruction'. Thus he took the step great artists have to take, from intrinsic beauty to social passion, ethics and political economy. It is superficial to regret it. The central work of Ruskin's life is that chapter in the second volume called 'The Nature of Gothic'. I cannot analyse it; it is there to be read. The true nature of gothic, it tells us, is the 'dependence of all human work for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman . . . you must either make a tool of the creature, or a man of him. You cannot make both'. That was shattering—in that smug world of academicians and patrons! William Morris said that it was 'one of the very few necessary and inevitable utterances of the century'.

The white carvings of the Doge's palace are, for anyone today, just points of scintillation in the Piazza scene; whether or not they proclaim idolatry and papal superstition no longer matters. That *The Stones of Venice* produced a rash of Venetian gothic in the London suburbs no longer matters. What does matter is, first, that it opened the eyes of a blind and purblind generation to the dream world they had lost at the Renaissance. Second, that when Ruskin passed the torch to Morris, one of the foundation stones of true socialism was laid; and it was concerned with the workman and his city. Ruskin asked why Gower Street was not like Venice; now they smile at that because in Gower Street they see a kind of palladian seemliness. But Ruskin had every right to ask that question. Palladian seemliness is not enough. Venice was not a miracle, it was—like Gower Street—the work of common men, but—unlike Gower Street—it came from their hearts and passions. What may be the form of some new human and romantic city, I cannot say. It will not be quite what Ruskin wanted—for never will the parapets of London be golden globes on lily leaves—but in some form it is now a necessity of survival.—*Third Programme*

The Poet and his Lice

I, an unwilling host, provide you with a meat
That is my own, but that I cannot eat.
And you, my uninvited guests, now pick the locks
Of literature, the golden gates you crash like flocks
Of critics battening on the life-blood of an art
That cannot feel a loss not quite unnoticed by the heart.

This is just another case, and not without poetic precedent,
Of an organism's relationship to its environment.

I, a fluke of evolution, earth's unwelcome parasite and houseless ghost,
Must emulate your brief tenacity, praying my Muse will take you
for a host

In proper symbiosis. But the divine itch in my fevered head
Is something else, that may remain, my dears, when I am cold, and
you have fled.

JAMES KIRKUP



Strawberry Hill, from the garden

A. F. Kersting

Englishmen's Castles

Strawberry Hill, Twickenham

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

THERE once was a Mrs. Chenevix in London who, for the fun of it, ran a chic toyshop. In 1746, when Horace Walpole entertained a visitor from abroad, the Marchese Rinuccini, he took him to Mrs. Chenevix's shop amongst other things, and when, the year after, he bought for himself a cottage near Twickenham he thought he could not do better to describe it than to call it 'a little play-thing-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop'. There was, as a matter of fact, a double meaning in this; for he had bought the cottage from her. It was a plaything, too, so small that its original front, which you can still distinguish, is less than half the narrow river front of the present Strawberry Hill, and yet it was full of capabilities (as they called it) for Horace Walpole, and for a long time it became the chief plaything of his life. He liked everything about it: the landscape by the river for which his evocative word is *riant*—he was never short of the *mot juste*—and also that Twickenham was a good address. 'Dowagers', he writes, somewhere, 'as plenty as flounders inhabit all around', and, in another letter, 'Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window'. Dowagers and Pope the poet—there you have his two ambitions, social and intellectual.

The Walpoles had been squires up in Norfolk of no great consequence, until Horace's father became Prime Minister and the mightiest man in the country. Horace was the youngest of his children by eleven years. He was sent to Eton, and he was sent to King's. Neither made a scholar of him, nor what you might call a useful member of human society. His father, when the boy was twenty, got him some small political jobs—he was Comptroller of the Pipe and Clerk of the Estreates—and then sent him on the Grand Tour. He went to France and Italy with Thomas Gray the poet, whom he had made friends with at Eton, and who was

to write the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard', and 'The Bard', while Walpole translated the same sentiments into the reality of stone and mortar at Strawberry Hill—a reality less elegiac and bardic than Gray's; but then Horace Walpole was a different man. His innumerable letters show him as he was: witty, flippant, spoiled, inconsequential, quick of observation, easy and to the point in his literary style, and full of catty idiosyncrasies which he was determined to make the most of.

No sooner had he bought his bit of land and his cottage than he started improvements. His father had meanwhile died and left him a

comfortable £1,000 a year. So he could go ahead. After a year he called the house 'quite a charming villa' and says that it 'sprouts away like any chaste nymph in *The Metamorphoses*'. It was to be his last Grecian allusion in connection with Strawberry Hill. In 1749 for the first time he writes of his 'future battlements', and a year later of his 'little gothic castle'. So here we are back at our recurrent theme: the castle which is not a castle, the country house made to look like a castle. As to Walpole, the change in his idle mind from the Georgian villa to the gothic castle was one that turned out to be of far-reaching consequence to the development of domestic architecture in Europe. It started a fashion in sham-castles, gothic oriel windows, and crenellations which reached its climax only about 1800 and after, by which time it had become the craze of the day in Germany and Sweden and Russia, and entered France and Italy and America too.

People speak of 'Strawberry Hill Gothic' and think Walpole invented this kind of domesticated medievalism. You know that he did not. I was speaking last week of the imitation keep at Bolsover put up in 1613, and a fortnight ago of Vanbrugh's battlements and the 'Castle Air' he liked to give to his houses. Vanbrugh was fifty years older than Walpole, and



The principal staircase, with 'its pretty handrail of gothic fretwork' *'Country Life'*

after him it never quite stopped. William Kent, one of the leading architects of the years when Walpole was a boy, practised a bit of sham gothic for the King and his other influential clients; Stukeley, the learned antiquarian, built a gothic bridge in 1740, and so on. But it is right and proper all the same that Walpole should have received all the credit. For no one was so thorough-going and so plausible a Goth as he was. Even in his writings he made a show of it. His *Castle of Otranto* started a vogue in gothic novels as virulent as the Strawberry Hill vogue was in country houses.

In 1750, I told you, he began to call Strawberry Hill his gothic castle. Then, from that year onwards, he enlarged and enlarged it until it was nearly as big as it is now. Bit after bit was added, in 1753, in 1754, in 1759, in 1763, in 1772, in 1776. He was sixty when he finally stopped. It gradually grew from the east, that is the river front, to the west and ended on that side with two quite convincing round towers.

You enter the house from the back, an untidy back of many divers projections, the proof of so much adding without consistent plan. The ground-floor rooms are nothing special, except for the staircase with its coloured glass in the windows, its pretty handrail of gothic fretwork with little supporter-beasts on the newel posts—all 'so pretty and so small', Walpole writes to one of his friends, 'that I am inclined to wrap it up and send it you in my letter'. Go up to the first floor and you will find yourself soon in what he called the Holbein Chamber. In style nothing could be more distant from Holbein's clarity and precision. The showpieces in the room are the screen across with the most unlikely, closely carved gothic fretwork under gables, the ceiling gently curved and decorated with a kind of gothic plaster-work, and the big fireplace copied from Archbishop Warham's tomb at Canterbury, as it had been published in engravings. It looks most incongruous in the room.

And then go at once straight into the Gallery, the most absurd and the most delightful apartment, all gothic panelling and fan vaulting, but all such toy size and besides so much white and gold and mirrors that in effect it is wholly rococo. Yes—there is no other word to describe it, and the word rococo brings me to what is to me the most interesting question about Strawberry Hill. What did Walpole really feel about all this, about building this setting around himself? Was it just the delight of the rococo in variety, irregularity and informality, and nothing else? There is a letter which seems to bear that out. He writes this to his pet correspondent, Horace Mann, at Florence: 'I shall speak gently to you, my dear child, though you don't like gothic architecture. The Grecian is only proper for magnificence and public buildings. Columns and all these beautiful ornaments look ridiculous when crowded into a closet or a cheese-cake house. The variety is little, and admits no charming irregularities'. Or, to suggest a second answer: was it all snobbery with Walpole, the snobbery of one without much ancestry to speak of who wanted to have about, what he calls in a letter 'the true rust of the barons'? Or, yet another suggestion: was it the shrewdness of one who carries a real passion seemingly lightly to deceive others and himself? 'I pass all my mornings with the thirteenth century' he writes, and 'I am as grave about my own trifles as I could be at Ratisbon' (where at that time the politicians were negotiating a peace treaty).

But he probably really was much graver than he was ready to admit. For time and again he consulted with his friends—the Committee of Taste, he called it—what books of engravings there were to enable one to arrive at a correct gothic. Now Sir John Vanbrugh would not have bothered about that, nor does Horace Walpole's pretty Gallery look as if he did. But the fact remains that he did. I told you of the chimney-piece copied from an arch-

bishop's tomb. For the ceiling of another room he went to the vault of York Chapter House, for his bookcases to the rood screen of old St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is a very curious thing, if you come to think about it. Why try to be archaeologically correct, if then your tomb becomes a fireplace and your screen bookcases? No, from an understanding of what gothic design means Walpole was far removed. He was no doubt much too much afraid of pedantry to think about it consistently. He could not have lived in a copy of a true gothic house. It would have been much too earnest for him. You know how the Victorian Age, instead of creating an architectural style of its own, was content to imitate those of older ages—and in its churches chiefly the gothic style. That is understandable, even if it is deplorable. The Middle Ages were accepted as the age of piety and so to build in their forms was to build piously. Walpole also built a chapel in the grounds of Strawberry Hill. It is still there and it is, needless to say, gothic, taken from the tomb of Bishop Audley at Salisbury. Coloured glass spreads venerable gloom over the tomb of Capaccio, some medieval Roman abbot—I think Walpole had bought it in Rome—and over the coloured tiles on the floor, tiles of curiously Victorian-looking pattern unforgettable to those who are familiar with them. But of religious sentiments there can have been none, when this was built as an ornament to his gardens. Similarly when he writes of 'lean windows fattened with rich saints' to describe some stained glass in the house, that does not sound too devout.

So with religion Horace Walpole's Gothic Revival had as little to do as with scholarship, and it is a pleasant and satisfying piece of historical irony that those who now own Strawberry Hill and look so conscientiously and intelligently after it should be a Roman Catholic training college. Their main building is, of course, quite separate and tactfully screened. They use as their library a ballroom added quite splendidly, also in gothic, in High Victorian days. But the Walpole rooms and the Walpole house remain intact, their charm as irresistible as ever. You must see the house from the lawn at an angle, that is from the south-east (the Thames is on the east). It is designed to be irregular, with a little bay window and a little stepped gable on the riverside, with the long side originally open in a kind of cloister walk below the gallery, and the fat round tower and the thin taller round turret further west to close the picture. That complete lack of symmetry in the design was, in the genteel Georgian setting of Walpole's

time, perhaps the most revolutionary thing he did. Houses without symmetry in their facade just did not exist—except for one: that which Vanbrugh had built for himself about 1720: Vanbrugh Castle at Blackheath.

But there are plenty of differences between Englishmen's castles, even those which are only make-believe. Vanbrugh wanted what he called 'a manly beauty'; when Horace Walpole speaks of gothic buildings, of real gothic buildings like Bristol Cathedral, he calls them 'neat and pretty', and Oxford 'a charming venerable gothic scene', which all goes to show that no one can escape his own age and its taste. Walpole lived in the Age of the Rococo, and his castle—for all its battlements and tracery and stained glass—remains a rococo castle—the most delightful I know.—*Home Service*

[Strawberry Hill can be seen by appointment with the Principal of St. Mary's College, Twickenham]



The Long Gallery, Strawberry Hill

'Country Life'

Originally published in 1870 Paul Christian's *Histoire de la Magie, du Monde Surnaturel et de la Fatalité à travers les Temps et les Peuples* has been newly translated from the French and published, in two handsome volumes, by the Forge Press at five guineas. The work, which contains additional material by modern authorities, has been translated by James Kirkup and Julian Shaw, and edited and revised by Ross Nichols.

Deciphering Europe's Earliest Scripts

MICHAEL VENTRIS on the Cretan tablets

IT was just 150 years ago that Champollion, at the age of eleven, embarked on the studies which were to lead to the first classic decipherment, that of the Egyptian hieroglyphic writing. In 1802, the oldest known languages were Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and no records which had been written down earlier than about 600 B.C. could be read or understood. All that was known of the earlier civilisations of the Near East was limited to those parts of the Old Testament which seemed historical, and to the garbled accounts of Greek and Roman writers.

But with the success of Champollion's system of decipherment, this situation was to change very rapidly, and during the course of the nineteenth century more and more early scripts came to be read, and their languages understood: Old Persian, Elamite, Assyrian, Sumerian, Mitannian, many of them completely unsuspected by earlier generations of scholars. The most recent success, in 1932, has been the reading of the Hittite hieroglyphs of Asia Minor; and as the result of many ingenious decipherments, we can now read nearly all the ancient languages of the Near East, and the frontier of literate history has been pushed back about 2,000 years over a large part of this area. But Europe herself has unfortunately been left out of this progress, though many of these languages were spoken on her own doorstep. Her own pre-classical civilisations have remained dumb, and the earliest inscription written by a European which can be clearly understood is still today, as it was in Champollion's time, one written in the Greek alphabet. But I shall try to show that this situation is likely to be transformed in the near future.

When Schliemann excavated the great site of Mycenae in 1876, he was unable to find any trace of writing. It was perhaps rather surprising that such a powerful and civilised city should have been completely illiterate. But Homer himself had made no explicit reference to writing at Agamemnon's court, and most people were content to believe that the Greeks had got their first knowledge of writing from the Phoenicians, some 400 years after the time of the Trojan War. Then, one day in 1889, Sir Arthur Evans, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, was sent a peculiar-looking sealstone from Greece. On its four sides it was engraved with pictographic signs—animals' heads, a human arm, arrows—rather like the hieroglyphs which the Hittites had used. Evans searched Greece and the Islands for more examples of these early sealstones: many of them he found being worn as lucky charms by the Greek peasant women. He determined that they could all, in fact, be traced to the sites of ancient cities in Crete. And before long Evans came to the site of Knossos, the great palace of the legendary Minos, who had ruled Crete before the Trojan War, when she was a prosperous island of ninety cities.

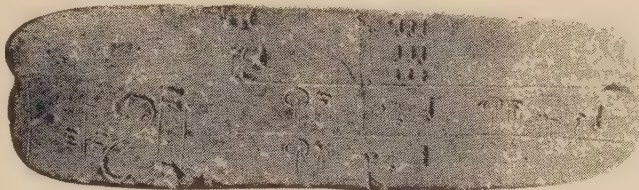
Evans began to dig there in 1899, and it took him the rest of his life to catalogue, describe, and preserve all that he found. Among the brilliant remains of this 'Minoan' civilisation, beside which even Mycenae began to look decadent and provincial, he found ample evidence for not one, but at least four, different systems of writing. For the pictographs which he had collected on the sealstones, dating from about 2000 B.C., were only the crude beginnings of Minoan writing, and had before long given rise to various simplified scripts in local use throughout Crete. In the last great half-century of Knossos' prosperity, before she was destroyed about 1400 B.C., the royal scribes had reduced these systems to a highly standardised official script,

which Evans called Linear Script B. The earlier pictographs may have been a kind of picture-writing, but this new script was so regular that it is clearly phonetic, the signs representing, not whole words or ideas, but sounds. Evans found about 1,800 clay tablets written in Linear Script B, stored in various parts of the palace. The writing on these tablets consists partly of groups of from two to six phonetic signs, each group representing some name or word in the Minoan language, and partly of isolated symbols in picture-writing followed by numbers. From these symbols, many of which are recognisable objects, it is evident that the tablets are inventories of cattle, food-stuffs, and equipment, and nominal rolls of men, women and children. They had, Evans supposed, been jotted down during the last months before Knossos was destroyed, and would in the normal way have been checked at the end of the year and then thrown away.

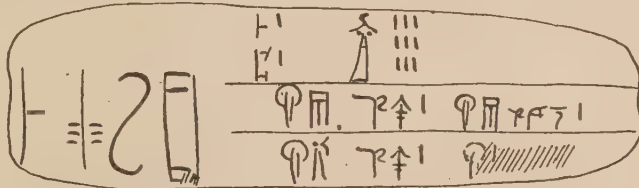
For half a century, these Knossos tablets have represented our main evidence for Minoan writing, and many people—classical scholars and archaeologists as well as dilettanti of all kinds—have been fascinated by the problem of deciphering them. Until now they have all been uniformly unsuccessful, largely for the reason that disgracefully few of the inscriptions were made generally available for study. When Evans died in 1941, he had still not published all the Knossos material which he had dug up at the turn of the century. He left behind him a mass of unfinished notes, together with his old drawings of the tablets; the originals having meanwhile been stored away, in some disorder, in the museum at Iraklion in Crete, where they fortunately survived the war.

For the last ten years Sir John Myres has been engaged in the difficult task of completing Evans' work for publication; and in the second volume of *Scripta Minoa*, published this spring,* the whole Knossos material is at last made available. Myres has added a short commentary of his own, but has made no attempt to decipher the tablets. In fact he has remained sceptical of all the recent attempts to do so, and has rightly confined himself to presenting the tablets, as excavated, in as objective a way as possible. But it is one thing to edit inscriptions on the spot, as they are dug up, quite another to have to reconstruct them, as Myres did, from an old man's forty-year-old notes and from a poor and incomplete set of photographs. The drawings of the tablets given in *Scripta Minoa* are not, unfortunately, a hundred per cent. reliable, and we shall have to check them against a new transcription of the originals which has recently been made in Iraklion. To have incorporated these corrections in *Scripta Minoa* would have meant further delaying a book which has, as it is, appeared forty-two years after its first volume.

A further stimulus to Minoan research was given last year, when Dr. Bennett, of Yale University, published drawings of about 600 similar tablets which had been dug up on the mainland of Greece in 1939. They come from the ruins of the Mycenaean palace at Ano Englianos in Messenia, which some take to be the Homeric Pylos of King Nestor. Although they appear to date from about 1200 B.C., 200 years later than the Knossos tablets, they are written in an almost identical form of Linear Script B, and in the same language. Since it is generally believed that the people of Knossos were of some indigenous race and language, but that the Mycenaeans of the mainland were already Greeks, this involves us in some historical problems, to which I will return later.



One of the 1,800 clay tablets, written in Linear Script B, found at Knossos. Below is a drawing of the same tablet. It lists: '9 women; 1 larger girl; 1 smaller girl; 1 larger boy; 1 (?) smaller boy'. The first word, in big letters, is probably a feminine adjective describing where the women come from



With the almost simultaneous publication of the Knossos and Pylos tablets, all the existing Minoan Linear Script material is now available for study, and the race to decipher it has begun in earnest. It may be interesting to discuss just how one sets about a job like this. It is often alleged to be impossible to decipher a set of inscriptions where both the writing and the language are unknown quantities, and where there is no bilingual to help us. But provided there is enough material to work on, the situation is not hopeless at all. It simply means that, instead of a mechanical piece of decoding, a rather more subtle process of deduction has to be undertaken. It is rather like doing a crossword puzzle on which the positions of the black squares have not been printed for you.

Four Lines of Attack

There are four main lines of attack: First, we must look carefully at the picture-writing symbols on the tablets, and try to determine what the objects are which are being listed. To help us, we have our knowledge of what the staple items of the Minoan economy are likely to have been, and the analogy of other accounts from Egypt, Syria, and Mesopotamia. Secondly, we must do a detailed statistical analysis of the way in which each of the ordinary phonetic signs is used, in the hope of finding some indication of the kind of sound which it represents. If we find that a particular sign, or group of signs, is very common as an initial, let us say, then we may find some clue in the behaviour of initial sounds in some of the other languages of the period. Provided the language is known, a code can often be broken entirely by statistics of this kind (by knowing, for example, that in any given passage of English the letter E will always turn out to be the most frequent). Thirdly, we have to analyse all those cases where the same word seems to occur in different places with a change in the spelling of its last one or two signs. Many of these must be grammatical endings; and if we can show that a particular ending generally occurs in a particular context, we may be able to determine what its function is—if it is, say, a genitive, or a locative, or a nominative plural, or some tense of a verb. Finally, we have to analyse the context in which each separate word occurs, and try to determine from this whether it is a personal name, or a place name, or an ordinary vocabulary word. If we can make a guess at what one of these words means, the next step is to try to fit its signs to words of the same meaning which we know from neighbouring languages. It may then turn out that Minoan is sufficiently closely related to some language that we already know for us to be able to work out the meaning of other Minoan words which are not clear from the context.

We have always faced the risk, of course, that no language related to Minoan has survived at all, which would make the prospect of a full decipherment very remote. But even those who are most pessimistic have reckoned on getting some help from the several hundred words, mostly describing unfamiliar institutions or wild life, which the Greeks had borrowed from earlier inhabitants of the Aegean. A few of these might well occur on the tablets, whatever language they are written in; and we might also expect to find on them some of the towns in Crete and on the mainland whose names we know from classical times.

A Syllabary Rather Than an Alphabet?

The fully developed Minoan system of writing has about eighty letters. As few alphabets have more than thirty, we think it must be a syllabary; instead of one letter *t*, it probably has five or more signs for the syllables *ta*, *te*, *ti*, *to*, *tu* and so on. A syllabary of this type, common in the Bronze Age, was still being used by the Cypriot Greeks in classical times. In this system a Greek word like *κασιγνήτρος*, 'brother', had to be broken into syllables and spelt *ka-si-ki-ne-to-se*. There is good reason to think that the Cypriot syllabary is descended from the Minoan script; and if we could simply apply the Cypriot values, which we know, to the Minoan words, the problem would be solved. But in 1,000 years of development the forms of Cypriot signs have evidently changed very radically and we cannot agree which signs ought to correspond.

The usual way of putting the signs of a syllabary into some standard order, when we know how they are pronounced, is to arrange them on a syllabic grid. This is a chequerboard, divided, in our case, into about eighty squares, with the five vowels lettered across the top, and the sixteen or so consonants down the side. The sign for *to*, for instance, is then put in the square where *t* and *o* intersect. The most important job, in trying to decipher a syllabary from scratch, is to try to arrange the signs provisionally on a grid of this sort, even before we can work

out the actual pronunciation of the different vowels and consonants. If we find evidence that two signs share the same vowel, like *ta* and *ra*, we line them up in the same vertical column; and if we suspect that they share the same consonant, like *ta* and *ti*, we fit them on the same horizontal line. Once we can determine, later on, how only one or two signs were actually pronounced, we can immediately tell a good deal about many other signs which lie on the same columns of the grid.

A great help in finding out which signs belong together is the fact of inflection. If Latin had been written in a syllabary, then a declension like *dominus*, *domine*, *dominum*, *domini*, *domino* would show the third syllable spelt in four different ways, all containing the consonant *n*: *nu*, *ne*, *ni*, *no*. We could confidently put all four of the syllables on the same line of our grid, even if we did not know what the common consonant actually was. And we could also assume that the same final vowel which we find in the genitive *domini* will also occur again in a number of other genitives, spelt with quite different signs, as it does in *amici*, *pueri*, *belli*, *novi*, and so on. Minoan was not Latin, but its inflections have the same effect. By following indications of this kind, we can gradually fill in all the terms of this simultaneous equation, and it can only be a matter of time before we hit on the formula which solves it.

A lot of information about the grammar of the language can be deduced from the way in which recurrent words are used on the tablets, without necessarily making any assumptions as to how they were pronounced. And one might think it would be quite easy to go on from there and to identify the language itself which these forms represent. But opinions have up to now been very divided. Hrozný, Bossert and Sundwall think that Minoan was closely related to one of the Hittite dialects of Asia Minor. For Evans and Myres, the Knossos tablets are in some primitive Anatolian language, probably too unfamiliar to be decipherable. Sittig, of Tübingen University, recently claimed to have deciphered the Minoan tablets, and to have proved that they are in a 'Pelasgian' language related to Etruscan. For a long time I, too, thought that Etruscan might afford the clue we were looking for. But during the last few weeks, I have come to the conclusion that the Knossos and Pylos tablets must, after all, be written in Greek—a difficult and archaic Greek, seeing that it is 500 years older than Homer and written in a rather abbreviated form, but Greek nevertheless.

Details of the Palace Administration

Once I made this assumption, most of the peculiarities of the language and spelling which had puzzled me seemed to find a logical explanation; and although many of the tablets remain as incomprehensible as before, many others are suddenly beginning to make sense. As we expected, they seem to contain nothing of any literary value, but merely record the prosaic and often trivial details of the palace administration. We have lists of men and women, for instance, where each name has the person's trade next to it, and we rediscover familiar Greek words like Ποιμήν 'shepherd', Κεραμεύς 'potter', Χαλκεύς 'bronze-smith', Χρυσότοργός 'goldsmith'. Some of the persons have longer descriptions like 'So-and-so, a goatherd watching over the quadrupeds belonging to So-and-so'; or 'Three waitresses, whose mother was a slave and whose father was a smith'; or 'Stonemasons for building operations'. Other tablets are lists of commodities, such as wheels: 'So many of elm; so many of metal; so many with metal bindings; so many of willow'. Most of the phrases are quite short. The longest sentence I can find has eleven words and occurs on a tablet from Pylos which seems to be an assessment for tithes, somewhat as follows: 'The priestess holds the following acres of productive land on a lease from the property-owners, and undertakes to maintain them in the future'.

The Pylos tablets look like being Greek throughout, which is only what one would expect from their date and location. But even if it turns out that only the main phrasing of the Knossos tablets is in Greek, and that this is interspersed with names and words of some indigenous language, we shall still be forced to revise our conception of the history of this period. The last palace of Knossos has all the appearance of being part of the native island culture; but, if my suggestion is right, the Greeks must in fact have arrived in Crete at its building and not merely been its destroyers; and it must have been they who devised the new Linear Script B for their own purposes. If this is so, there is a case for calling the tablets, which Myres and Bennett have published, Mycenaean, and not Minoan in a strict sense at all.

I have suggested that there is now a better chance of reading these earliest European inscriptions than ever before, but there is evidently a great deal more work to do before we are all agreed on the solution to the problem.—*Third Programme*

The Nature of Scientific Theory—IV

Eddington's Fish-net

By STEPHEN TOULMIN

IN his book, *The Philosophy of Physical Science*, the late Sir Arthur Eddington tells us a story about an ichthyologist. This ichthyologist is exploring the life of the ocean. 'He casts his net into the water and brings up a fishy assortment. Surveying his catch, he proceeds in the usual manner of a scientist to systematise what it reveals. He arrives at two generalisations: First, no sea-creature is less than two inches long. Second, all sea-creatures have gills. These are both true of his catch, and he assumes tentatively that they will remain true however often he repeats it'.

Methods of the Theoretical Physicist

This fable Eddington relies on to show the methods of the theoretical physicist. The physicist, according to him, is like this ichthyologist. 'The catch stands for the body of knowledge which constitutes physical science, and the net for the sensory and intellectual equipment which we use in obtaining it'. The conclusions of physics are, correspondingly, of two types. Some are like the ichthyologist's second generalisation, that all sea-creatures have gills, but others, many more than people had suspected, are quite different. They are nearer to his first conclusion: the generalisation that no sea-creature is less than two inches long—something he comes to believe as a result of fishing with a net of two-inch mesh.

'An onlooker', Eddington admits, 'may object that the first generalisation is wrong. "There are plenty of sea-creatures under two inches long, only your net is not adapted to catch them". The ichthyologist dismisses this objection contemptuously. "Anything uncatchable by my net is *ipso facto* outside the scope of ichthyological knowledge, and is not part of the kingdom of fishes which has been defined as the theme of ichthyological knowledge. In short, what my net can't catch isn't fish"'. Eddington makes the same reply about physics. Physical science, he says, is based on observation; this involves us in imposing a selective test on the knowledge which is admitted as physical; this selection is subjective, because it depends on the sensory and intellectual equipment which is our means of acquiring knowledge; in short, 'It is to such subjectively-selected knowledge, and to the universe which it is formulated to describe, that the generalisations of physics—the so-called laws of nature—apply'. Later on in the same book, Eddington compares the physicist with the giant Procrustes. 'Procrustes, you will remember, stretched or chopped down his guests to fit the bed he had constructed. But perhaps', Eddington adds mischievously, 'you have not heard the rest of the story. He measured them up before they left next morning and wrote a learned paper "On the Uniformity of Stature of Travellers" for the Anthropological Society of America'.

The morals of these two fables are the same. What the scientist presents to us as discoveries about the world around us may well turn out, on closer examination, to be consequences of his own scientific procedures. Until the ichthyologist had the sense to reflect on his methods of fish-catching, he might fail to realise that it was these methods, not the nature of the world he worked in, which forced the first of his conclusions on him: if he caught only fishes two inches long or more, that proved something about his net, and nothing about the fishes in the sea. The theoretical physicist, too, trawls the experimental observations through a net of his own making, and is liable to announce, as discoveries about the world, things that he himself ensures by his chosen method of trawling. Again, the experiment's observations are Procrustes' travellers, and are adjusted to fit the theorist's bed before he will regard them as acceptable. We should, Eddington concludes, become more self-conscious about our methods of theorising, recognise the fact that we make such subjective selections in handling our data, and see what surprising things may not be revealed by a thorough study of our own explanatory techniques.

This thorough study of the explanatory techniques of physics was, in Eddington's view, an urgent task, and he devoted much of his later life to it. The results he announced certainly came as a surprise to his colleagues. For he professed to compute in his arm-chair, from epistemological first principles, a whole series of quantities which his

fellow-physicists regarded as the purest matters of fact to be discovered by experiment and by experiment alone. One of these was the ratio of the masses of the proton and the electron, a quantity which most physicists had thought of as something which could be found out only by looking and seeing, like the ratio of the populations of London and Liverpool. Another was the total number of fundamental particles in the universe, which they had likewise taken for a matter of brute fact, like the aggregate population of the whole earth. What happened was perhaps to be expected. Many of the physicists were incredulous, and some of them treated the whole investigation as an idle dream.

I am not qualified to talk about Eddington's detailed calculations: these are hard to follow, even by the most exacting standards, and are hardly a subject for a broadcast talk. What I want to say something about is the wider question, whether there is any objection in principle to the sort of investigation Eddington was trying to undertake. I shall argue that there is no such objection, and indeed that all mathematicians and theoretical physicists are familiar with similar calculations, about which they feel no qualms. At the same time, if Eddington is misunderstood, it is largely his own fault. Whether his investigations be legitimate or no, the popular account he gives of them and the philosophical defence he offers for them are radically misleading. The fable of the ichthyologist, the allusion to Procrustes, the phrase 'selective subjectivism', which he chose as a title for his philosophical position: all these combine to give a false picture of physics, and a false impression of the sort of contribution Eddington was making to the subject.

These fables have also given rise to a good deal of discussion about the metaphysical implications of Eddington's work, much of it needlessly mystifying, some of it totally misconceived. If the physicist concerns himself only with subjectively selected data, it is said, that only goes to show how right Kant was—or Bergson, or Aquinas, or the Idealists, or whoever else the author's favourite may be. Physical theories are imposed on the facts, are they? Of course: all abstraction is Procrustean: by abstracting we falsify: and so on.

Why do I say Eddington was to blame? What is it about his account I am criticising? Notice to begin with this feature of his fables: in each case the conclusion about which we feel so uncomfortable—the ichthyologist's statement that no sea-creature is less than two inches long, and Procrustes' announcement that all travellers are of the same height—each of these is a piece of natural history, an empirical generalisation of the purest kind, on a par with 'all swans are white' and 'all men are mortal'. This is no accident, but lies at the heart of Eddington's account. The 'so-called laws of nature', as he puts it, are generalisations about data which have been selected in a similar way.

Mappers of Phenomena

Why do I pick on this point for comment? To see why, recall what I have been saying in my previous talks. Natural history is one thing: the theoretical sciences are another. Empirical generalisations are one sort of expression: laws of nature and the like are another. By overlooking these distinctions one can get into all sorts of trouble. The logical form 'all S are P' may fit the bill, when you are analysing the nature of arguments in natural history, but it cannot be relied on uncritically as a model for scientific theories. The scientist, I concluded, is not so much a generaliser about phenomena as a mapper of them. Laws of nature are not generalisations about phenomena, selected or unselected: they are the laws in accordance with which a satisfactory picture, or map of the relevant phenomena can be produced. Eddington has therefore misconstrued the logic of physics, and this leads him to state his point in a misleading way. If we are to judge it properly, we must first restate it in a way which is truer to life.

Forget for the moment Eddington's unhappy illustrations. This done, can one see any grounds for his view that much of the structure of physical theories is contributed to them by physicists themselves? I think one can. Furthermore, when one sees what these grounds are, it

(continued on page 62)

NEWS DIARY

July 2-8

Wednesday, July 2

Chancellor of Exchequer, speaking in Commons, reports considerable improvement in sterling area's gold and dollar reserves in last quarter

New Egyptian Cabinet, formed by Hussein Sirry Pasha, sworn in

R.A.F. fighter-bomber crashes on housing estate at Salisbury: 34 rendered homeless

Thursday, July 3

Russian delegate to U.N. Security Council vetoes U.S. proposal for an investigation by International Red Cross into communist charges of germ warfare in Korea

Communist delegation at Korean truce talks puts forward new plan to end deadlock over exchange of prisoners-of-war

Malayan Federal Legislative Council approves plan for intensifying campaign against terrorists

Archbishop of York calls for ban on nuclear weapons

Friday, July 4

Delegates to Korean truce talks meet in private to discuss new Communist proposals. Korean National Assembly adopts proposal by President Syngman Rhee that President should be elected by popular vote instead of by Assembly

General Templer, High Commissioner for Malaya, says that more communist terrorists were eliminated last month than in any previous month during the campaign

Saturday, July 5

Rumanian Foreign Minister, Mrs. Anna Pauker, is relieved of her duties

Truce delegations in Korea continue to meet in private

Sunday, July 6

Lower House of Persian Parliament votes in favour of re-appointing Dr. Moussadeq as Prime Minister

Widespread thunderstorms cause damage in south and west England

Monday, July 7

1,200 delegates attend opening of Republican National Convention in Chicago

Minister of Fuel and Power reports to Commons on improvement in manpower and production in coal industry

Renewed outbreaks of violence reported in Kojima Island prison camps

Tuesday, July 8

Government announces electricity cuts at peak hours next winter

General MacArthur makes 'keynote' speech at Republican National Convention

Anti-communist leader kidnapped in west Berlin and taken to Soviet zone



H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh: two of the first formal studies to be taken since the Queen's accession. Her Majesty is wearing the Order of the Garter and a circlet of diamonds and pearls



London's six remaining tram services ran their last journeys on Saturday night. This photograph shows crowds climbing aboard for a farewell ride on the 11.38 from the Embankment, the last tram to leave central London



The final day of the Henley Royal Regatta: Led by half-a-length the Australian Olympic eight from



Right: a B.B.C. engineer setting up a television micro-wave transmitter at Cassel in northern France in preparation for the Franco-British television week now in progress. It is at Cassel that the signals are converted from the French to the British standard



The American liner 'United States' photographed from the air as she crossed the Channel towards Le Havre on July 7 after beating the Atlantic record on her maiden voyage by 10 hrs. 2 mins. She docked at Southampton on July 8



Texas supporters of Senator Taft, General Eisenhower and Governor Warren demonstrating in Chicago on July 4 while the Republican national committee was in session. The party's convention opened on July 7 to nominate its candidate for the presidential elections in November

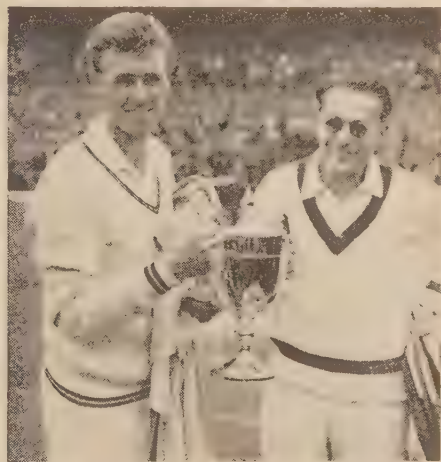


land's crew for the Olympic Games) beating y in the Grand Challenge Cup on Saturday



Seventeen-year-old Maureen Connolly (U.S.A.) receiving her trophy from the Duchess of Kent after beating Louise Brough (U.S.A.), left, in the final of the women's singles at Wimbledon on Saturday

Right: F. Sedgman (Australia) holding the cup after beating J. Drobny (Egypt), right, in the final of the men's singles the previous day



A team taking part in the parade of draught horses passing before the Queen during the Royal Agricultural Show which was held at Newton Abbot, Devon, last week



Drake's Drum, which is among the relics of Sir Francis Drake now on exhibition at Berger House, Mayfair, London

(continued from page 59)

becomes clear how irrelevant have been the philosophical conclusions drawn from Eddington's work, and how needless the discomfort his choice of fables gives us.

Let me begin by making the analogous point about maps. There is a good deal about any map which is the responsibility of the cartographer, and does not in itself tell us anything about the region mapped. The surveyor and cartographer have, for instance, to choose a base-line, scale, method of projection, orientation and system of signs before they can even begin to map an area. And how they make these decisions will affect in all sorts of ways the appearance of the finished map. Greenland comes out in different shapes on different projections; on a small-scale map all roads of one class will be shown throughout as the same width, on a large-scale one the variation in actual width will appear; some sorts of map go on without limit up to an arbitrary boundary—a Mercator's map of the world, for instance—while others cover only a finite area of page—like those maps in which the whole earth is shown within two circles on opposite pages, like a couple of dinner-plates.

The Limitations of Maps—

Now suppose somebody notices these facts explicitly for the first time. One can imagine their coming as a surprise. He may, perhaps, have grown up using maps in an unself-conscious way, taking it always for granted that they were, say, a special kind of photograph of the region represented. When he is told about the human element in maps, he is disillusioned. They had seemed so solid and trustworthy before, so objective; but now he concludes that they are all sifted through a net of abstractions and so moulded to a subjective pattern. 'These scales, methods of projection, orientations and so on, which you impose on the geographical facts', he says, 'I will have none of them. Give me the only true map, the map free from human artifice and from the distorting effects of abstraction, a map without any of these things!'

What shall our reply be? Has he hit on a profound metaphysical truth about maps? No: he has failed to understand what sort of a thing a map is, and so is judging maps against an impossible, indeed an inconceivable ideal. Scales, orientations, modes of projection and the rest: these are not moulds into which we gratuitously thrust the geographical facts, thereby distorting and misrepresenting them. They are devices, to which we must resort, if we are either to represent or misrepresent the facts. Abandon them, and the result will be, not a truer map, a map undistorted by abstraction, but no map at all. Only a finished map can either represent or misrepresent an area; either be true to or falsify the facts; and either guide or mislead a user. To do what we must do, in order to produce a map, is not to falsify what had otherwise been true: until it is done, no question either of truth or falsity can arise. The features of a map, which derive from its manner of production are therefore quite unlike the ichthyologist's conclusion, his false conclusion, that no sea-creature is less than two inches long: they are not imposed on the data, nor do they lead the user of the map to believe anything which is in fact untrue.

Now let me return to physics. I said that, in my view, there were good grounds for Eddington's thesis, that the physicist himself contributes much to the structure of his theories; but I objected to the fables and the analogies he used to explain his position to the public. My reason was that the way in which the physicist 'contributes to' the structure of his theories is like that in which the cartographer 'contributes to' the structure of his maps; and all the suggestions of the ichthyological model which are misleading in the case of maps are equally inappropriate as applied to physics. In the physical sciences, as much as in cartography, some decisions have to be taken, consciously or no, before anything in the way of a theory can be produced at all. If Eddington's position appears mysterious, that is because these decisions are so obvious and elementary, that the physicist is liable to forget that they have been taken, and even to take them without recognising them for what they are.

Two examples will illustrate the point. Consider first the central notion of geometrical optics, the 'light-ray'. Light-rays hold the centre of the optical stage only so long as the geometrical method of representing optical phenomena, by ray-diagrams, remains our principal way of arguing about them. As soon as the wave-theory displaces the simpler picture, the idea of a ray of light loses its theoretical importance. If one thinks of the physicist as one who, so to speak, simply photographs the footprints of nature, this may seem odd. Either light consists of rays, we may feel, or it does not. But no; the question

does not, in fact, arise, for we are here concerned with one of the things that the physicist contributes to optics. It is he who represents optical phenomena by the use of straight lines drawn on paper. The lines, of which our ray-diagrams consist, are not thrown in with the phenomena by nature: it is we who create the connection by which light and shade, shadows, eclipses and so on come to be mapped in this way. We do not find light atomised into individual rays; we represent it as consisting of such rays, and we are therefore at liberty to stop doing so.

One can find similar things wherever in physics numerical concepts or mathematical inferring-techniques are employed, and that is, everywhere. In heat-theory, for instance, there is a connection between degrees of warmth and cold, on the one hand, and the number-series on the other: once again we created the connection in the course of setting up a 'scale of temperature'. Growing up familiar with the notion of temperature as one does, it is easy to be naive about it, and to overlook the part which men have played in determining what it shall be. Yet Galileo, who was a pioneer in the field and built the first thermometer, knew very well what he was about. He spoke of his programme as being 'to turn secondary qualities into primary ones': that is, to replace qualitative terms and comparisons like 'hot' and 'cold', 'boiling' and 'freezing', by a new, numerical notion, over which differences of opinion could be settled by appeal to an instrument.

In many ways the temperature scale bears marks of its human origin. Consider, for instance, the absolute zero: it may have struck you, as I remember it struck me, what an odd feature of the world it was that there should be a lowest temperature, a point beyond which nothing could be further cooled. This sort of thing seems to one a curious but ineluctable feature of the universe, an arbitrary barrier set up by nature—to begin with. But only to begin with: only so long as we remain unselfconscious about the notion of temperature, in the way my despatch of maps had done, to begin with, about them. On further investigation, one comes to see that, if there is a barrier, an absolute zero, a lower bound to the scale of temperature, it is we who have put it there. Just as by choosing some methods of projection a cartographer ensures that a map of the world shall cover only a finite area of page, so by setting up our scale, as we do, we ensure that it shall come to a stop at some finite negative number, in practice minus 273.16 degrees centigrade. Larger negative numbers than this, such as minus 1,000 degrees, do not represent temperatures which we are unable to reach, alas; they are simply numbers to which, on our chosen definition of temperature, no degree of cold, however great, can correspond.

—and of Theories

As with maps, so with theories. The alternative to a theory built up with the aid of such decisions is not a truer theory, a theory untainted by arbitrary selection and distorting abstraction: it is no theory at all. The theorist's contribution is essential, if the expressions in his theory are to have any application to the world; without it there will be nothing to be spoken of either as being 'true to' or as 'falsifying' the facts. Eddington evidently saw the consequences of this fact. Has the temperature scale a lower bound, an absolute zero? This is determined by what we accept as a measurement of temperature, and by how we fit the notion into our theories. What is the value of the number pi, the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter? This, likewise, is determined by what we accept as a measurement of length and by the sort of geometry we employ. Neither of these questions requires experiments to answer it. The answers can be worked out.

So also, Eddington argued, in the case of the pure numbers we find in physical theory; if only physicists would recognise in what manner they build up and apply their theories, they should be able to compute these numbers too. This does not strike me as an unreasonable claim, at any rate in principle. If anyone still wants to argue that such a computation is out of the question, he should begin by explaining why he does not say the same about pi. If the ratio of the lengths of the circumference and the diameter of a circle need not remain for ever a purely empirical quantity, can we be sure the ratio of the masses of the proton and the electron must do?

All the same, even if Eddington's professional activities were perfectly legitimate, the suggestion of subjectivity which has hung about them is not: a well-established theory is no more subjective than a properly-made map. This suggestion has arisen, not from what Eddington did, but from what he said about what he did: in particular, from the two fables I talked about to begin with. By interpreting laws and theories as generalisations and treating physics on the natural history model, Eddington gets into trouble like the logicians before him. It is

not, as he seems to suggest, that the theoretical physicist has a queer predilection for certain moulds, into which he insists on thrusting all the facts he meets willy-nilly. The theorist does no more than any man must do who introduces a new symbolism, language or method of representation. To talk as though he necessarily falsified by abstraction, and to ask for a theory giving us 'the facts and nothing but the facts' would be to demand just nothing. Such a theory would be the counterpart

in physics of a map without a scale, without a projection and without a system of signs. It would be about as much use as the Bellman's map in the *Hunting of the Snark*:

'Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes!
But we've got our brave Captain to thank'
(So the crew would protest) 'that he's bought us the best—
A perfect and absolute blank!'

—Third Programme

The Idea of Promethean Revolt

J. M. COCKING on Albert Camus' 'L'Homme Révolté'

ALBERT CAMUS said some time ago that he did not in the least feel himself to be a philosopher but that he was interested in moral problems. In *L'Homme Révolté* he draws a parallel, though without pursuing it very far, between his own method and that of Descartes; as Descartes tried to move from complete scepticism to certain knowledge, Camus has tried to move from complete moral scepticism to moral conviction. But we know all the time that his own moral judgments are instinctive, part of his nature. He has come to his convictions through experience, not argument, and in his books he knows the answers before he puts the problems. His method is a method of presentation and persuasion rather than of speculation. In his essays he is a preacher, and his novels and plays are parables. The substance and direction of his argument are determined by what seems to him the burning problem of the day. Thirty years ago, he says, Europe was afflicted with a sense of purposelessness and negation; Camus grew up in those years, and *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* was written to combat hopelessness. Now the major problems arise from morally perverted forms of hope—fascism and, more urgently, Russian communism. *L'Homme Révolté* is an attack on political systems in which the end is held to justify the means. *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* began with the theme of suicide, *L'Homme Révolté* begins with the theme of murder. *Sisyphe* led from nihilism to revolt; *L'Homme Révolté* is a warning that when revolt becomes revolution it returns to nihilism.

Like many a writer before him who has tried to diagnose the sickness of Europe, Camus looks back to see where things began to go wrong. Early in the nineteenth century Auguste Comte, the father of positivism, said that what he called the western sickness was just growing pains, the sign of the transition from a society based on religion and metaphysics to a society based on science. The cure, according to Comte, was to move forward as fast as possible and grow out of the sickness. In *L'Homme Révolté* Camus makes only a passing reference to Comte and the belief in automatic progress, which he considers bankrupt; and science, for him, is efficacy, but not knowledge. The opposite view to Auguste Comte's was held by Joseph de Maistre, who preached the return to religion, to the idea of salvation by grace and not by progress. Comte replied to this suggestion by pointing out that, in history, religions arise, decline, perish and do not reappear. Camus observes that civilisations go through alternate phases. There is a religious phase, *le sacré*, in which men are reconciled to the world and their destiny by myth, and official answers are provided for every question. This is followed by a phase of revolt, of rejection of the official answers, which have been found inadequate to new questions.

Revolt brings about change, change may settle in a new stability and a new *sacré*, a new set of generally accepted beliefs. Our civilisation, says Camus, has left the Christian *sacré* behind it; the notion of salvation through grace has been replaced by the notion of salvation through history, salvation in eternity by salvation in time, vertical transcendence by horizontal transcendence. We are implicated by our historical situation, unless we refuse our responsibilities, in revolt, in change; we cannot go back to the *sacré*. The danger is that, thinking only horizontally and never vertically, we may sacrifice the real present to a hypothetical future, even to the extent of murdering our fellows to improve the conditions of life of the unborn generations.

Russian communism is presented by Camus as the outcome of a romantic revolt which has evolved through a neat logical pattern at the expense of moral consistency. In the beginning, he says, is a revolt against God in the name of justice. The supernatural absolute and

salvation through grace are rejected, because no metaphysical purpose can be held to justify human suffering and death. Human effort is therefore to be directed entirely to the alleviation of human suffering, the improvement of the human lot. The knowledge of the death of the individual is to be offset by the idea of the solidarity and permanence of the human race. At a later stage, says Camus, the revolt is carried too far by its own impetus. The absolute is reintroduced as a future Utopia; and, just as in the old scheme of things men had to suffer and die to achieve the supernatural absolute, in the new scheme of things men are made to suffer and die to achieve the historical absolute. The wheel has turned full circle.

The nigger in the wood pile, according to Camus, is the appetite for the absolute itself, the immoderate ambition. Camus' book sets out to be a critique of romanticism in ethics and art and claims that it is bankrupt. '*Ici s'achève le romantisme*', he says on the last page of his book.

The answer is a return to the Greek ideal of *mesure*, moderation: moderation in one's protests against what is, and one's demands for what is not. For man outside the *sacré*, the essence of moral life is revolt; but the essence of revolt, according to him, is the affirmation of a value in terms of which what is revolted against is denied. Revolt is a tension between affirmation and negation. No value is ever asserted once and for all; we cannot codify morality into a set of formal precepts, a set of rules and injunctions. Camus is prepared to think in terms of concepts like honour, justice, virility, dignity, but moral life must be a continual tension, a succession of *ad hoc* decisions. The revolt against evil and suffering may have to change its direction. Camus, whose chief emotions appear to be compassion and indignation, chooses to be always on the side of the humiliated. The main theme of his book is the betrayal of moral revolt by revolution and the need for revolt to turn against revolution: against the new persecution, which is being carried out in terms of the new absolute.

What separates Camus from the atheist existentialists is clearer than it was before, even if he himself is no clearer about the philosophical status of moral values. According to the existentialists there is no permanent concept of human nature, and there are no permanent moral values which can be associated with human nature. Men invent values by making moral decisions, and every individual has to assume full personal responsibility for the decisions he makes. He does not say yes or no to a permanent moral law; every time he says yes, he strengthens the law and helps it to endure; every time he says no, he weakens the law and helps to replace it by another. Here, as with Camus, every act of revolt is also an affirmation; but Camus speaks of the affirmation of value as a discovery, not an invention. Camus is much nearer to Malraux than the existentialists; he is inclined to think there is such a thing as human nature, and that when a man feels impelled to rebel against a state of affairs, he discovers simultaneously within himself something against which that state of affairs is an offence. That part of himself of which he is now conscious he desires to affirm, in and for himself, but also in and for others. He has discovered new ground on which men can explore their common humanity. Hence, says Camus, we arrive at the moral formula corresponding to the 'I think, therefore I am' of Descartes, and this is: 'I rebel, therefore we are'.

This formula marks the conclusion of the first part of the book, and Camus goes on to examine the history of the spirit of revolt and show how it overstepped its proper bounds. In Part II he considers what he calls the metaphysical revolt, the revolt against the human condition

and creation as a whole. Man complained against God as the creator of injustice and took over the responsibility for creating justice in history. But he grew tired of the weight of moral responsibility, of the effort of maintaining the tension between affirming and denying, and slipped into total negation or total affirmation.

Camus chooses the Marquis de Sade as the type of absolute negation, Nietzsche of absolute affirmation. In the first, a movement of revolt which begins with moral indignation ends in the preachment of a moral chaos, in which the strong must oust the weak and then attack each other, and this is the form which fascism took later. In Nietzsche, the acceptance of destiny as it is given leads to the acceptance not only of one's own suffering but of other people's, and, noble as Nietzsche's intentions were, his doctrine of consent was held by the Nazis to justify consent to murder. Throughout this part of the book Camus shows how revolt, sprung from good intentions, overstepped the limits and became nihilism.

In the third part of his book Camus goes on to consider political revolution. When the French Revolution had killed God in the person of the king by divine right and in the name of a number of abstract principles, the Terror proceeded to deify those abstract principles and kill men in their name. God having been killed in the king's person, the next stage was to kill what remained of God in the abstract principles themselves. The chief responsibility for the destruction of transcendent moral principles is laid at Hegel's door: Camus' vision of Hegel's dialectic is restricted by his dislike of what followed: he sees Hegel chiefly as the precursor of Marx and the consecrator of what he calls 'historical nihilism', the limiting of moral value to what can be achieved in time. According to the Jacobins, says Camus in one of his wittier moments, everybody is naturally good. According to Hegel and his progeny, nobody is good, but everybody will be. Saint-Just said that in the beginning was the idyll, Hegel that in the beginning was tragedy. But it comes to the same thing in the end. We are urged to destroy the people who destroy the idyll, or to destroy in order to create the idyll. Hegel thought that by attacking the abstract principles responsible for the Terror he was furthering the true revolution, but the consequence of his effort has proved to be a new and greater terror.

From Hegel Camus passes to the early Russian terrorists, Marx, the Russian Revolution, Leninism and Stalinism. Stalinist imperialism he sees as the final betrayal of moral revolt. Prometheus has become Jupiter, and his spirit has passed into his victims. Henceforward the true revolt is against revolution.

Art, too, says Camus, has suffered from the immoderate ambition. Camus' starting point is the same as Malraux's; he quotes Nietzsche's statement that no artist tolerates the world as it is. But he adds right away that no artist can do without the world as it is. Artistic creation, he says, is the example of revolt in its purest form. The artist rebels against the disorder of nature in the name of a kind of order which is sometimes experienced within nature; in imposing order on disorder he is at the same time denying and affirming. In the modern world, however, the idea of art is itself either denied or distorted. The immoderate historical ambition, revolution in its modern forms, always tries to subordinate art to historical purpose; all art which is not propaganda is stigmatised as escape. But even where art is respected it is misunderstood. Instead of the classical ideal of a balance between affirmation and negation, we get attempts to evade the tension between the two; artists take refuge in absolute negation or absolute affirmation. Absolute negation of nature results in abstract art and the cult of pure form; absolute affirmation results in a crude realism and the simplification of human psychology into meaningless automatism. Abstraction and realism achieve a kind of unity, a kind of coherence; but both are nihilistic. Camus takes the opportunity to deliver an attack on the American novel which is enjoying such a vogue in France.

What Camus has tried to do in this book is to find an acceptable formula for a new classicism in art and morals—acceptable to his own moral and aesthetic sense and developing without a definite break out of a long romantic tradition. It is not the first attempt made by a French writer nourished on this tradition to re-establish an attitude which can be labelled as classical. But with the generation of Valéry and Gide problems and solutions were individual and primarily aesthetic; since Malraux and Mounier the emphasis has changed to the collective and the primarily moral. Though Mounier was a Catholic, and Malraux and Camus are unbelievers, it seems to me that their moral attitudes have something in common. Mounier was emphatic about the need for continual revolt, for the realisation that all moral action is a compromise with the absolute, a compromise which has constantly to be readjusted.

When Camus rejects the moral ambition of an impossible innocence, and is reconciled to the principle of what he calls 'a reasonable degree of guilt', he is not perhaps so very far from the doctrine of the Fall. Nor is his tentative humanism quite incompatible with the notion of grace. His philosophical groping seems sometimes to be a search for a lay translation of Christian wisdom. But if his work is partly salvage, his dislike of historical and institutional Christianity is unequivocal. And so, though Camus' Prometheus seems to have had a Christian education, Camus presents him as an unmistakable Greek, suspicious in the extreme of his romantic counterparts, particularly Satan and Cain.

The true Prometheus, says Camus, the Greek Prometheus, has particular scores to settle with Jupiter. But he does not revolt against nature, because he is a part of nature. He does not set up his innocence against the guilt of the Creator, because it is in the nature of things that he cannot remain innocent. He knows that he cannot climb over the walls of the world, and is wise enough not to dash out his brains against them.—*Third Programme*

A Ruin by Inigo Jones

It is seldom that all the conditions are present together
To harvest the heart. It is seldom that chance allows
Suitable landscape, physical well-being, weather.

But here by the ancient house

The emotive bells of nature and mind are pealing
And I should be, and am not, in this summer prime,
Caught up in a resonance of air and feeling.

A harmonious single chime.

But the rolling turf and trees, a vigorous vista
Down to the slow sweet waters of fenland stream
Somehow today can do little more than foster
An illusory tension of dream.

And at the carved lintel framed by this glowing view
I look half-expecting the fall of another stone
With a vague sense of fate, but of the ordinary too:
As they might have done.

ROBERT CONQUEST

The Black Sheep

Look, the prodigal, the ne'er-do-well
Walks through the grave-yard, turning his father's bones,
He has come home.
The black sheep is back to graze the fell
Of his mother's grief: nothing to clothe the stones
Now he has come.

When I see that he has come again,
Yet again, the poor scapegoat, to browse
The barren slope
Of his mother's love, what it could sustain,
What gaunt wether, he alone knows,
I have no hope

That he has learnt wisdom. Yesterday he said,
Turning towards the river where the lights
From the fair-ground
Slip panting down the stream, gold and red
Flooding the barges: Look where I've burnt my boats
And where I drowned

My twin brother, fond and frail deceiver,
Who quivered up at me before he sank
Doubled with mirth
Or pain. The roundabout across the river
Ground out his dirge: the watermen all drank
To my rebirth.

EDRICA HUWS

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Civilisation in Africa

Sir,—I can hardly believe that the racial paradise described by Mrs. Huxley and Mr. Anderson in THE LISTENER and by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords is the same Southern Rhodesia which I knew in 1949. In repudiating the main burden of Mrs. Huxley's and Mr. Anderson's letters I have these points to make.

(1) *Apartheid* has always been and still is practised in Southern Rhodesia. It is an official policy as well as an unofficial practice. Residential segregation is enforced by pass laws and a curfew. An Urban Areas Act follows closely the model of the Union of South Africa. African trade unions are almost entirely illegal and wages of Africans even for equal work are a small portion of those of Europeans. In shops, post offices and banks separate and inferior service is provided for Africans. Nothing is more pitiful than the cringing fear of the African sent to town by his masters in Bulawayo or Salisbury. In short *apartheid* has been carried to an extreme never attained by Malan or Smuts in the Union.

(2) The alleged political equality of the African is a manifest fraud. To vote, an African must have property valued at well over £200. But the income of the African is fixed at a level which makes this impossible to attain. The wage award to Africans, after their unofficial strike had been broken with armoured cars, gave a 35s. per month minimum to all workers other than domestic, mining and agricultural employees (the vast majority are thus excluded). Another recommendation suggests a figure in the neighbourhood of 120s. per month for the highest paid worker, and this is, in effect, a maximum. Little wonder that 'it will . . . be some time before an African member of parliament makes his appearance'.

(3) Though admittedly the educational provision is better than in Northern Rhodesia, it hardly does credit to a government with fifty years' experience. The best of African graduate teachers get less than £20 per month. I knew a brilliant African Master of Arts who was paid about £15 at a teachers' training institute. Facilities for education up to matriculation hardly exist. The new school at Goromonze provides, at best, places for a few dozen matriculants each year. Hundreds of Africans work painfully on correspondence courses, because they have no other chance. Literacy in English, another voting qualification, is attained only by a minority since the elementary schools use the vernacular medium of instruction.

(4) Although there are some bright spots in new housing areas one has only to go into the back yards of European homes to see the poor way in which Marabale 'boys' live. Southern Rhodesia is innocent of statistics relating to the welfare of her African population. If some were collected the result would shock any civilised person.

(5) The Federation proposals would not alter this picture. The African Affairs Board will refer matters to the Colonial Office only if the Government-appointed chairman casts in favour of the African. The nine African representatives can never be in the majority. Nor can they obtain the two-thirds majority necessary to amend the constitution in their favour.

Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland may be undeveloped as yet, but their future is bright compared with this picture. For the African leaders of these countries to accept the scheme for Federation would be to betray their people.

Yours, etc.,

Saltburn

JOHN REX

The Nature of Scientific Theory

Sir,—In his third talk on 'The Nature of Scientific Theory' (published in THE LISTENER on July 3), Mr. Stephen Toulmin seeks to establish a correspondence between surveying in particular and scientific method in general. To draw any valid comparison, he would need more knowledge of both than is apparent from his talk.

For instance, he seems to suggest that a map is surveyed by measuring a few distances and directions between certain selected points of detail, and the remaining detail appears by some 'marvel' without measurement. In fact all the detail appearing on a surveyed map is measured, whether from the ground or from air photographs, although for certain purposes and within limited areas the measuring instrument may be the human eye. The difference seems to invalidate his entire argument.

Mr. Toulmin's suggestion that a map is relatively unreliable in mountainous country is equally jejune. Distances measured directly from a plane map are, and can only be, horizontal distances, and these are just as reliable in mountainous as in flat country. If he wants the uphill distance, he would have to calculate it from the contours.

Elsewhere he suggests that a map projection corresponds to a scientific law in his supposed analogy. But a map projection is simply a conventional means of depicting a curved on a plane surface; there can be no one projection which fits all the facts, and any projection must necessarily involve deliberate distortion of some of the facts. What scientific law does this?

Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey

M. HOTINE

Sir,—My friend, Mr. Toulmin, in his most gay and interesting talk on 'Do Scientists Use Scientific Method?' (THE LISTENER, June 19), made what seems to be a most unfair and unfortunate attack on our colleagues the logicians, who, he said, 'frequently discuss the question how often an experiment or observation must be repeated if the conclusions drawn from it are to be trusted. Can we eliminate all reasonable expectation of error by two or three repetitions? Or must one set oneself doggedly to the task of multiplying one's observations fifty, a hundred, or even a thousand times, before any real confidence is justified? . . . On this point most logicians are agreed. The scientist's hope of success, they say, lies only in multiplying his readings'.

Do they really say anything so preposterous? Surely, though it may be true to say that sometimes some logicians have talked as if they believed what Mr. Toulmin says they believe, it is just false to say that many, or even perhaps any, logicians have explicitly committed themselves to the views he attributes to them. I have been unable—being at present away from my books—to conduct a search to substantiate this

denial. But it does seem that Mr. Toulmin, wishing to make his points in an arresting way, has slipped into what might be hereby dubbed 'the partisan fallacy': that of confusing what one oneself believes to be the logical implications of an opponent's views with what that opponent himself actually believes and advocates.

Yours, etc.,

University of Aberdeen

ANTONY FLEW

The Plight of Paris

Sir,—The Director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery's letter in THE LISTENER of July 3 reveals a powerful and uninhibited talent for jumping to the wrong conclusions. He implies that I have not lived in Paris for any length of time: this happens to be untrue. He suggests that you, sir, had commissioned me to review all the Paris exhibitions, which I mentioned in passing: this is not only untrue but improbable. He misquotes me as lamenting the dearth of young French artists 'worth writing about' and is therefore surprised that I found nothing to say, apart from generalisations, about any of the dozen or two young artists whom I described as 'admirable and not altogether unoriginal'. Had he but noticed that what I lamented was the absence of a young artist worth *writing home* about—which means something rather different—he would have been relieved of the need to invent the tortuous explanation for my reticence which he generously offered, and of the consequent tasks of delivering a homily on the functions of the critic and of airing his views on the future of painting.

Mr. Robertson also disagrees with opinions I did in fact express. His reasons for the decline of painting in Paris certainly have the virtue of being simpler than mine. 'First, Paris has been the centre for many years for certain artists whose work has had a paralysing impact upon the younger generation'. But why this sudden paralysis? Were the Surrealists paralysed by the Cubists, the Cubists by the Post-Impressionists, or the Post-Impressionists by the Impressionists? Mr. Robertson's second reason is that artists everywhere 'need time . . . to re-examine the flood of knowledge of the arts of the entire world, in all periods of history, which has only recently been unleashed upon them'. In 1920 this might have made sense.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

DAVID SYLVESTER

Sir,—Mr. David Sylvester announces 'The Plight of Paris' in 850 words in THE LISTENER of June 26. Yet a long essay would scarcely suffice to argue the rather extreme thesis Mr. Sylvester attempts in his short article: the situation here is far too complex for any such summary generalisations as he makes to apply. No one denies that the generation of Matisse (now painting his best pictures in his eighties), Braque and Picasso has not been rivalled by the younger artists. But this does not mean that a catastrophic decline has set in. So many ideas, so much talent, so much intense professional seriousness are everywhere in evidence that one feels anything may happen. One final point—the artists still go to the cafes, but not the ones they are most widely reported as frequenting.—Yours, etc.,

Paris

PATRICK HERON

All History is Contemporary History

Sir,—Croce's famous aphorism about the contemporaneity of history is of interest not only to Professor Grant (*THE LISTENER*, June 19) but also to Croce himself, who has not yet decided on its meaning. When first formulated, in 1915 (*Teorie und Geschichte der Historiographie*), it bore the impress of Gentile's 'actual idealism'; the latter was even to accuse Croce of plagiarism (*Filosofia dell'arte*, Florence 1937, 280n.). But during the past three decades and more Croce has re-stated it again and again with bewildering refinements of exegesis. For the sake of brevity I will distinguish three stages and give them crude labels.

(a) The snapshot theory. This is the one mentioned at the beginning of Professor Grant's talk: the 'rigorous, outrageous sense' of the principle. The only possible object of historical thought is the historian's own thinking at the moment when he thinks. His camera has no time-exposure, and the picture on the snapshot shows only the pressing of the trigger.

(b) The limelight theory. In his book of 1938 (*La storia come pensiero e come azione*) Croce drops the actualistic interpretation and admits that the historian studies 'the past', but with reference to the present situation. ('Situation' is his own word, but I should be at a loss to explain what it means in terms of the Philosophy of Spirit.) 'The practical need which is at the bottom of every historical judgment confers upon every history the character of contemporary history'; the history of even chronologically remote facts is always 'referred to the present need and the present situation into which those facts have propagated their vibrations' (p. 5). The historian thus keeps his eyes on the stage of the present but directs upon it an illumination derived from—let us say elsewhere. Whatever this theory may be, it is not subjective.

(c) The stereoscope theory. Dissatisfied with the 'elsewhere' to which the present has to be related, Croce advances to the position that the past is *in* the present. History is that knowledge of the present which fills its surface with depth; it can be defined as 'the understanding of a present which is intelligible only in its genesis, in other words its past' (*Discorsi di varia filosofia*, II, 1945, p. 269). This requires a theory of continuity which Croce does not supply but assumes ('the fact which comes after is of course different from that which comes before but is also the same fact . . . This is what is called history'. *Logica*, p. 20). This again is an 'objective' theory.

Croce's own historical work can be correlated with these three positions; the snapshot theory gives the peculiar character to his autobiography, the limelight theory to his histories of Italy, Europe in the nineteenth century and the kingdom of Naples, the stereoscope theory to his late essays, *Considerazioni sul problema morale del tempo nostro* and so on. It is more difficult to explain his lifelong polemics against literary history as commonly understood, which he tries to explode into monographic fragments of literary criticism; 'absolute historicism' takes paradoxical forms.

But the moral is that if other historians were as relentlessly explicit about their own procedures as were Croce and Collingwood, we might have a logic of historical thought comparable to the logical studies of scientific thought, which began with Plato or before.

Yours, etc.,

Dungannon

S. THORP

Sir,—William Harvey discovered and, in 1628, described the circulation of blood. This is a 'hard fact' in the history of science. It conveys a scientific truth and is, therefore, perfectly comprehensible today. What is less comprehensible

is Harvey's philosophical ideology which is bound up with his scientific statements. An account of the landmarks which have led science to its present day standard will legitimately disregard this ideology and carve out only what is valid today. But is this 'history'? Surely not, if we agree with Bacon that history is an attempt at 'understanding . . . the sources . . . in the peculiarity of their propositions, style and method, whereby the literary genius of an age, as if by a magical formula, should be raised from the dead'. With this in mind, the historian would develop Harvey's discovery as much from his scientific insight as from his non-scientific 'philosophy of circles'. In this, the circulation of blood is but one example of a general cosmological law, according to which every being reverts to its source in order to persist. This 'circular' character of phenomena at large is shown in their cyclical emergence from primitive forms ('seeds'), their waning and again producing such primitive forms and coming into being from them.

Re-thinking such ideas and presenting scientific discovery in its original setting, however non-scientific, the historian will thus make himself contemporary with his hero and understand him in all his aspects. Early science, bound up as it is with religious and cosmological ideas and symbolism, perhaps provides the best points in favour of Professor Grant's thesis that 'All History is Contemporary History'.

Yours, etc.,

WALTER PAGEL

Central Middlesex Hospital, N.W.10

Yugoslavia Revisited

Sir,—One can only congratulate Miss Phyllis Auty on her excellent article on Tito's Yugoslavia. Nevertheless her remarks on the release of political prisoners call for further comment. It is an undeniable fact that many are still in gaol in Yugoslavia for the sole crime of having opposed dictatorship. Let us mention only Professor Dr. D. Jovanovitch, the distinguished scholar and opposition leader, who is well known and appreciated in this country for his firm stand against any form of dictatorship in the last two decades. After a fine record of undaunted opposition to King Alexander's personal political ambitions and to Nazism, this able Serb agrarian leader still remains imprisoned for his criticism of communist overcentralisation.

It would be a great step towards better understanding between Yugoslavia and the west, if in this and similar cases the Tito government would show a generous and conciliatory spirit, and so reassure the west that a true and lasting *rapprochement* with Yugoslavia is possible in the moral as well as the economic and military spheres.

Yours, etc.,

G. CSERENYEV

International Peasant Union,
London, S.W.10

Whales as an International Problem

Sir,—In the report of Dr. Mackintosh's broadcast on 'Whales as an International Problem' (*THE LISTENER*, June 19) it is stated that late in the last century the Norwegians invented the harpoon gun.

A tombstone in Whitby churchyard bears an inscription, the essential part of which is given below.

Alas, the above Richard Gibson-Whitesmith, who received a Reward from the Society . . . (three words missing) Sciences for the invention of the Harpoon gun.

He died 17th November 1789.

Yours, etc.,

Whitby

WALTER THOMPSON

Wrestlers—Ancient and Modern

Sir,—Those familiar with the ancient marble group of the Wrestlers (*I Lottatori*) in the Uffizi



Gallery at Florence could hardly fail to have been struck by the extraordinary similarity in the attitude with that of the Africans shown on page 1050 of the June 26 issue of *THE LISTENER*.

Yours, etc.,

Henley-on-Thames F. FAIRER SMITH

The Riddle of Corvo

Sir,—I have read with much interest Mr. H. C. Bainbridge's article on Rolfe (in *THE LISTENER* of June 19), for I knew him well during his stay in Aberdeen and saw a lot of him for some two years.

A. I. A. Symons told me he was collecting material to write a new life of Rolfe and I gave him some details of his life, as I knew him during that period, but he did not finish it before his death. I first met Rolfe on Christmas Day 1891 at a luncheon given by a prominent Roman Catholic laird, with whom Rolfe was staying. Notwithstanding the fact that he had been denied admission to priesthood and sent down from the Scots College, Rolfe was dressed as a priest wearing sandals and soutane, which dress suited his rather ascetic features.

At this time I was in my final year as a medical student in Aberdeen, and on returning there shortly after I was hailed by Rolfe one day in the street—now dressed in a plus-four suit. For the next two years until I left Aberdeen I saw a lot of him. During the university terms I stayed with my sister at the house of an aunt, and Rolfe came to be a very frequent visitor there. In my last year in Aberdeen I was a Resident at the Hospital and he often visited me there also. He lived quite near the Hospital, having a bed-sitting room at the top of a tenement house; I had to pass his door daily and often climbed the long stairs to see him. He had a hired piano and used to play a lot—I think from ear—and usually ended up with his favourite 'The Skye Boat Song'. He usually wore—while in the house—a dressing gown. He went daily, for some time at least, to a large photographic firm and himself possessed a full-sized photographic outfit and did some work with it for me at the Hospital. He did black and white crayon sketches in his room, mostly classical subjects, and seemed to have a modest sale for them. Apart from this I know of no other source of income he had, and it was a mystery to me how he lived at all.

He seemed to have no friends—in the town at least. At one time he seemed to have known and stayed with several prominent Roman Catholic families in the county, but seemed to have ex-

ploited all of them until they regarded him as a nuisance. One of them told me that there only remained one thing he would do for Rolfe—and that willingly—and that was to give him a single railway ticket to London.

I always found him a pleasant companion. He talked well, but he never gave any signs of the latent genius that was in him. I do not think he was doing any serious writing, but he read heavily from the public library near his room.

He had a profound grudge against the Church of Rome for rejecting him for priesthood and this coloured both his life and his writing. One asks, was he normal in these early days? Speaking as a friend who knew him very well, and as a doctor, I should without hesitation say 'no'. He called at the hospital on one occasion and saw one of the Residents, Dr. Thompson. He asked Thompson to certify him to enable him to enter the Asylum as a voluntary patient, giving as the reason that it would

at least give him food and lodging. Thompson's reply was that he could not do so without evidence of insanity, but to go out and 'qualify' and then return.

Again, he told me that at times in the dark dead of night when all the neighbourhood would be asleep, he had opened his window and, thrusting his head and shoulders out, yelled out into the darkness.—Yours, etc.,

New Aberdour

A. L. CRUICKSHANK

Riddles for Alchemists

Sir,—Christopher Serpell's alchemical riddles (propounded in *THE LISTENER* of June 26) are intriguing. Might I offer a guess at the answers? 'Our son that was dead is alive and he has returned from the fire and he rejoices in a secret wedding'.—Our sophic gold has been purged of impurities in the fire, has come forth shining bright, and been united with sophic mercury;

this union represents the philosophers' stone. Alternatively—our God has been sacrificed and is resurrected; He is restored to His heavenly Mother. Or again—we have been purged of our human imperfections, and become one with our Creator. The second riddle has a similar meaning. 'It is the secret task of the wise man to open up the earth in order that he may plant salvation for the people'.—The 'female' metal (mercury) must be made ready to receive the seed of gold so that from this union the stone may grow. Or—the corn-god must be buried in the earth so that he may be resurrected and bring fruitfulness to all. Or—we 'sterile' men, ignorant of the gods' creative power, must be made open to the heavenly influences—the stem of Jesse must be implanted in our hearts. These are at least some of the implications. The other inscriptions are allegorical accounts of stages in the alchemical work.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

R. D. GRAY

Partnership in Africa—I

(continued from page 47)

reception by progressive African opinion. It is true that, as before, the formulation of concepts of policy had little interest for the great mass of Africans. But the increasing body of politically minded Africans tended to criticise the concept of partnership as designed to cloak the intention of the European section of the population to keep the control of policy in its own hands. They protested that Africans as junior partners would be allowed to share in the fruits of the partnership only so long and so far as might suit their senior partners, the Europeans.

No one, I think, can question the importance of finding some concise but illuminating expression of the policy underlying our attitude towards the peoples with whom we are in close political relations. One need only instance the dynamic effect produced by the definition of the purposes of the British Commonwealth of Nations which emerged from the Imperial Conference of 1926. But I believe that if an expression of this kind is to carry its full value, it is more important now to think of the acceptance it finds among the peoples of Africa than of any influence it may have on our own public. Its full value will only be felt if it can produce some response from the politically minded elements now exercising an increasing influence over popular opinion in Africa or other dependencies. In Africa, in particular, it must be able to stand in competition with the teachings of that exclusive type of nationalism which seeks to minimise the share which Europeans must take in developing the institutions of self-government.

If this is the test we must use, let me ask what evidence we have of the exhibition of the spirit of partnership in the existing relations between Europeans and Africans in different parts of Africa. It will not be enough to quote instances in which Africans now co-operate in the work of the government or serve as employees of European commercial or industrial undertakings. From the African point of view, partnership must comply with two requirements. In the first place, those who are invited to become partners must be satisfied that they will from the outset have some real measure of responsibility in the direction of policy. Secondly, Africans must be assured that the terms of partnership provide that those who at the start have only a minor part in the undertaking may expect to take in time a share

which will be comparable with that of those who start as major partners.

If now we survey the conditions in the Commonwealth countries of Africa, beginning with the Union of South Africa, it is clear that there the weight of European sentiment is against any partnership with Africans in the sense in which I have just defined it. African labour is, of course, now taking an increasingly remunerative part in the secondary industries of the Union, so that the Union has become more than ever the Mecca of migratory labour from other areas. But the prevailing policy of Europeans does not contemplate partnership with Africans in the sense I have defined; on the contrary, it points to their remaining in a subordinate position in the political world, and in a position either of subordination or of segregation in the economic world. Nor does the matter end there. Even if the African were invited to share in an economic partnership, this would have only a limited attraction for him, so long as he continued to be confined to his own social sphere and shut out from entrance into political life. He would have been denied the normal rewards of economic activity and to that extent deprived of the incentive to co-operation.

I cannot discuss here the extent to which the Europeans of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland are actually prepared to offer partnership on the conditions I have outlined, for I have to avoid what is likely at this moment to be a matter of controversy. I prefer instead to look at conditions in East Africa, and to seek for illustrations in two of the territories, Uganda and Kenya. There is little in a territory such as Uganda that seems to invite the application in any specific sense of a doctrine of partnership. The settled European community is very small, and the future of the Protectorate seems in any case to be that of an African territory with an increasing African personnel in administration and an increasing measure of political self-government. But Kenya stands in a different case, for not only is there now a European community of growing importance, but the problems of the country are complicated by the existence of a large Indian community whose interests are not identical with those of Africans. It is, however, noticeable that there has of recent years been a growing tendency on the part of most Europeans to realise that the future of the colony depends on improving the

standards of life of the African population and in fitting it for an active co-operation in the development of the country. I do not say that we have here a fully developed acceptance of the doctrine of partnership, but there is a foundation on which it can be built. Whether the idea can be so developed in future as to bridge the deep gulf which now divides the life of Europeans and Africans remains to be seen.

I come finally to our four colonies in West Africa. Here it is difficult to see that there would be any special advantage in taking a stand on our position as partners. The settled European community in West Africa is small, and for Africans the major consideration is the attitude not of a local European community, but of the British Government itself. The politically minded section of the population—and it is a rapidly growing body in the Gold Coast and in parts of Nigeria—is now concerned mainly with its aspirations for self-government. It would, no doubt, welcome a declaration from us that we considered ourselves to be partners in seeking that end; but it is an end to which we are already committed. The sole question now is one of the time and method of approach to self-government.

Let me, then, give you in the shortest terms my own conclusions in the matter. I am very far indeed from seeking to underrate the value of proving to Africans that as a nation our attitude to them is actuated by the spirit of good will and helpfulness. We may justly claim that this is now our tradition, and it is a tradition which has many of the aspects of partnership. I am convinced that the fruits of this tradition will be seen when Africans are at some future date called upon to decide on the crucial question of their affiliation to the Commonwealth.

But if we seek now to influence their attitude on some specific issue, constitutional or otherwise, by claiming for ourselves the position of partners, this will be of no avail to us unless they can be assured that both we and the European communities directly concerned are using that term in the specific sense which I have endeavoured to indicate here. It will not profit us merely to make a general profession of partnership. It will indeed involve some loss of position, if we now make that claim and cannot substantiate it.

—Third Programme

Realist Art

By ERIC NEWTON

PROBABLY the last exhibition of painting that had to be labelled 'realist' in order to distinguish it from other kinds of painting current at the time, was held in 1855, when Courbet had a pavilion constructed in the Avenue Montaigne at the very gates of the Palais des Arts which, at the time, housed a 'World Exhibition'. Courbet wrote a brief and admirably precise foreword to his catalogue which includes the sentence 'To translate the manners, the ideas and the outward appearance of my age as I perceived them—in a word, to create a living art—such is my aim'.

No such precision is observable in the catalogue of the exhibition called 'Recent Trends in Realist Painting' at the ICA galleries in Dover Street. The foreword carefully avoids definitions, admits that it is 'eclectic to the point of absurdity', and modestly suggests that since a realist revival is on foot, the exhibition merely offers a cross-section of works done in recent years by painters who have been prepared to 'face up to appearances'.

This is evidently an attempt to disarm the critic rather than to answer the obvious question 'If you don't know what realism means, what right have you to stage an exhibition under that title?' But for the sake of peace in a world too apt to indulge in polemics, I will pretend to be disarmed. 'Back to reality!' has always been the battle-cry in moments of transition. 'Poussin all over again, but after Nature', said Cézanne. 'A clear vision of True Reality', said Mondrian in explanation of his rectangular intersecting lines. In the face of such arguments it is useless to ask questions about the 'meaning' of this exhibition. But one point does puzzle me. Why, and in what sense, does the artist of today have to 'face up to' appearances? The camera, that useful machine, doesn't face up to appearances: it takes them in its shuffling little stride. What needs facing up to is what to do with appearances when the artist's eye has delivered them safely to the artist's brain. Alberti ('Painters . . . have no other aim than to make the shapes of things appear on the surface of the picture as if it were made of transparent glass'), Leonardo ('That painting is most praiseworthy which is most like the thing represented'), Courbet ('The art of painting can only consist in the representation of objects visible and tangible to the painter'), Monet—but the list of self-professed realists is tediously long and their only interest for us is the personal use they made of their eyes. It is not the resemblance but the difference between them that makes them important. On the evidence of the resemblance one can examine the *Zeitgeist*: on the evidence of the differences one can analyse the personality of the artist.

A glance at the exhibition would lead one to the conclusion that the mid-twentieth century has no *Zeitgeist*. Balthus evidently 'sees' (i.e. deals with the visual information that reaches his creative brain) roughly in the manner of Courbet, Michonze, in the manner of Brueghel, Moynihan, in the manner of Manet, François Gruber is realistic in the narrow sense in which a novel by Zola used to be called realistic, Freud

combines Flemish meticulousness with German overemphasis, Bacon combines the realism of press-photography with the surrealism of nightmares. The word begins to undermine not only the coherence of the exhibition but also one's enjoyment of it. All one can be sure of is that in Courbet's day 'realist' meant 'not-academic': today it means 'not-abstract'.

There is only one way of escape—to stop wondering what the word means: to stop wondering why, if *this* is realism, Hitchens, Ayrton, Spencer or Wyndham Lewis were excluded—or, for that matter, any other painter who isn't abstract or incompetent: and to enjoy the odd

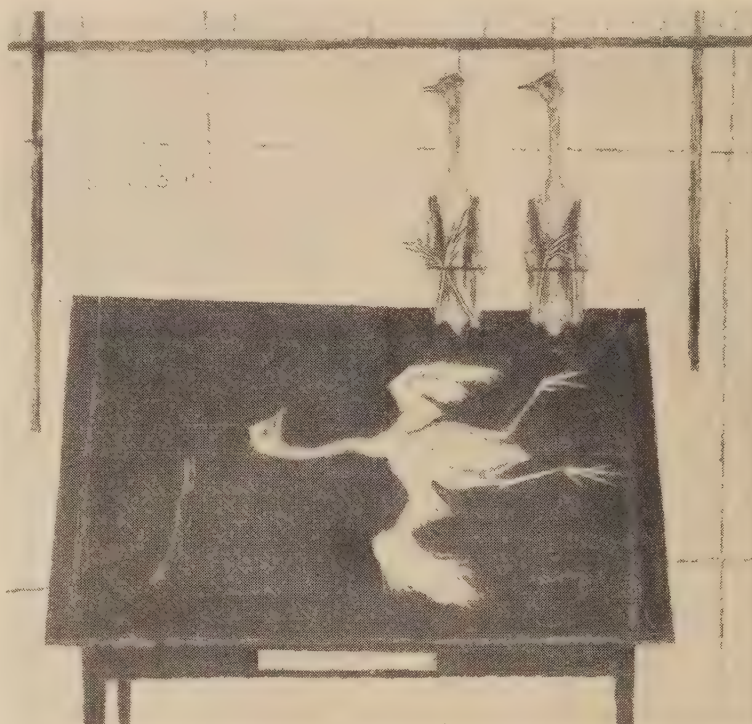
mixture as one enjoys the Royal Academy, thankful that Graham Sutherland has 'faced up' to two men walking in blistering sunshine, that Francis Bacon has constructed a convincingly mysterious spatial environment round a stooping figure, that Giacometti has created a slender presence in a pale ambience, that Bernard Buffet has translated three plucked chickens into a gruesome but firm pattern in black and off-white.

All this is enjoyable because in each of these pictures something felt has been extracted and intensified out of the raw material of something seen. Heat for Graham Sutherland, space for Bacon, shape for Buffet are elements out of which a picture has been made. The ingredients, though intangible and therefore presumably unacceptable to Courbet, are undoubtedly real, but my failure to discover the *Zeitgeist*—the common factor that would enable me to say 'this kind of reality and no other is the triumphant discovery of the age we live in'—

begins to nag me. It was clear enough, in 1874, just what Monet, Pissarro and Sisley had found hidden in the world of phenomena. But I cannot even guess, on the evidence of this exhibition, what 1952 has discovered. Are my aesthetic arteries hardening with age? Or has the ICA made such a muddle of the exhibition that the evidence is distorted? What is the common factor? The catalogue's foreword utters a *cri de coeur* in reply to this question, 'Is this the moment, when everything is in the melting pot and the temperature is rising, to be dogmatic about what is the "authentic" realism of the day? Surely not'.

Dogmatic, no. But intelligently analytical, surely yes!

Mr. W. B. Honey's monumental work on *European Ceramic Art*, from the end of the Middle Ages to about 1815, the first part of which, *Illustrated Historical Survey* (Faber, 3 guineas), with its 610 illustrations, was published in 1949, has now been brought to completion with the publication of the second volume, the *Dictionary of Factories, Artists, Technical Terms and General Information* (Faber, 10 guineas). This comprehensive work of reference also contains a number of plates in colour and line drawings. The two volumes are sold separately. Methuens have added four new volumes to their series of 'Field Study Books' (9s. 6d. each): they are *Oaks and Oak Woods* by A. G. Tansley, *The British Amphibia and Reptiles* by L. Harrison Matthews, *Caddis* by Norman E. Hickin, and *Coastwise Craft* by T. C. Lethbridge.



'Les Poulets', by Bernard Buffet: from the exhibition 'Recent Trends in Realist Painting' at the Institute of Contemporary Arts gallery

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Acton's Political Philosophy

By G. E. Fasnacht. With a Foreword by Sir Harold Butler.

Hollis and Carter. 21s.

'ACTON', DECLARES MR. FASNACHT, 'is the only nineteenth-century writer who was completely master of the philosophy, politics and economics of both his own age and of earlier ages also'. It is a challenging verdict, and admirers of Henry Sidgwick and Paul Janet, Dilthey, Troeltsch and Croce might plead for their honourable mention among the elect. Yet even those who may at the outset be tempted to fear that the author's enthusiasm has carried him away will agree that no one—in the nineteenth or any other century—has known more about the evolution of moral and political ideas from the Greeks onward or meditated more profoundly on the problems of statesmen and citizens. Acton was no less interested in events and personalities than such masters of narrative as Gibbon and Macaulay, Thiers and Treitschke; but he was still more fascinated by the teachings of the leading publicists and moralists in many lands on society, the individual and the state. He was never much attracted by metaphysics or the philosophy of religion, logic or psychology, for his mind was essentially practical rather than speculative. Conduct, as Matthew Arnold used to say, is three-fourths of life, and Acton agreed with him.

Years of patient study of the published writings and unpublished papers have made Mr. Fasnacht the most authoritative interpreter of the great scholar whose fame has grown steadily since his death fifty years ago. If there is more Acton than Fasnacht in this striking volume, it is because the latter unselfishly decided to let his hero speak for himself in his own inimitable style. We find most of the author in the thoughtful Introduction and in the closing survey of Acton's relations to other thinkers. The intervening chapters deal with the Theory of Power, the Idea of Development, the English and American Political Traditions, the State, Government and Democracy, Socialism, Nationality and Power, the Importance of Ideas, the Advancement of Learning, and the History of Freedom. The author is especially to be commended for dating his quotations, for Acton's ideas, particularly in relation to nationalism and socialism, underwent considerable change. With advancing years his range of vision became ever wider, his verdicts more maturely considered and more carefully phrased.

The most unexpected result of Mr. Fasnacht's explorations in the vast collection at Cambridge is the proof that—contrary to the general belief—'the economic factor was constantly present to his mind'. His admiration for the teachings of Harrington and Roscher was frequently expressed in his published writings. Now we learn that he was a most diligent student of Marx and that, like Mill, he increasingly recognised the strength of the socialist appeal in the industrial age for social justice and the Welfare State. Though he owed a good deal to the Whigs for their championship of limited monarchy, he was immune from their aristocratic and bourgeois complacency, caring more for the plight of the common man than many members of the Liberal Party to which he belonged. He was a man of warm affections and his heart was almost as great as his head.

Acton wrote too little history to rank with Stubbs or Maitland, Gardiner or Lecky, but his place among publicists and moralists is secure. He owed much to Plato and Aristotle, to the

sturdy Puritan writers of the seventeenth century for their stand for liberty of conscience, to Burke and Mill, but he built up a system of his own. While the authoritarians from Machiavelli and Hobbes to Austin and the Prussian School began with the state, Acton started with the conscience and the personality of the individual. 'The idea of freedom was his guiding star', declares Mr. Fasnacht. He demanded freedom all along the line, freedom for political and religious minorities, freedom of teaching and research. To read and re-read his ringing denunciations, not only of autocrats but of tyrannous majorities, is a refreshment of the soul. His ideal was ordered liberty, to be achieved and preserved by the division of power. The supreme object of laws and institutions was to provide opportunities for self-realisation for every citizen in self-governing, preferably federal, communities, with the categorical imperatives of Christian ethics pointing the way in public no less than in private affairs. His reverence for Gladstone, at once a great Liberal and a great Christian, is as revealing as any of his own oracular utterances.

Mr. Fasnacht's labours deserve the special gratitude of those who admire the published writings so much that they have always craved to know more of the manuscript materials. His book should attract new readers to the lectures, essays and correspondence in an age when the concentration of power, against which Acton's whole life was a crusade, daily produces its soul-destroying fruits. No European thinker of the second half of the nineteenth century is more deserving of study.

No Green Pastures—the Negro in Europe Today

By Roi Ottley. Murray. 18s.

Quite recently, it appears, a Negro applied for a position as announcer at a broadcasting station. After he had been interviewed, a solicitous friend asked if he had got the job. 'They t-t-turned me d-d-down', the Negro stammered in reply; 'an example of the g-g-grossest race p-p-prejudice'.

Mr. Roi Ottley is an American Negro journalist who was a reporter in Europe from 1944-1946, starting in England and then following the victorious army to France and Italy and Germany, and finally making a short tour of Egypt and the Near East; and he has written a long book to demonstrate that Negroes encounter more or grosser or subtler race prejudice in most of these countries than in the U.S.A. In so far as the book is not merely cantankerous and a balm to the author's fantastically thin (if heavily pigmented) skin, it has presumably the propaganda aim of persuading discontented Negro Americans to be content with their lot, since Negroes are no better off in Europe. Its English audience is presumably envisaged as those ardent left-wingers who get masochistic satisfaction from reading abuse of their own country. If the author had been white it seems unlikely that this farrago of misinformation, partial facts, false analogies and grumbles would ever have been published. A typical passage reads: 'Hitler was a congenial racist. But the absence of many Negroes in Germany, or indeed of German ownership of a Negro colony, provided him with no tangible peg on which to hang the hat of prejudice. Traditionally, as already observed, the Germans have been liberal towards Negroes'.

Nearly all Mr. Ottley's observations are falsi-

fied by his tacit assumption that the position of Negroes in the U.S.A. and in European countries is identical; but of course Negroes in America are natives of that country, Negroes in Europe—with very small exceptions—foreigners. Most of the disabilities which Mr. Ottley believes due to race prejudice (such as few opportunities for work, objection to inter-marriage, etc.) operate in the case of all foreigners. Mr. Ottley also ignores the European class-structure; the unskilled and uneducated are likely to suffer to a certain extent, whatever their skin colour. Mr. Ottley really demands that Negroes should be given Most Favoured Persons treatment; a man with a dark skin should be privileged because of his dark skin; any refusal to grant such special privilege is treated as race prejudice.

In his survey of European countries Mr. Ottley comes up with odd lists (similar to those often compiled by Jews and homosexuals) of famous people who were 'really' Negro or had some Negro blood, from Cleopatra and St. Augustine to Victor Séjour and Soubise; and he compliments eastern European countries for their absence of race prejudice! His remarks on Africa are out of date, inaccurate and misleading; but he is quite a competent journalist, and when he is dealing with things he has seen himself—such as the position of black-skinned 'Yemenite' Jews in Palestine—he is informative and occasionally entertaining. It is a pity, however, that this book has been published over here, for in many of our big ports the position of the Negro is deplorable and cries for remedy; but a book as full of prejudice as this is, and containing so many falsifications which must be obvious to anybody interested in the subject, is much more likely to harm than to advance the cause it ostensibly advocates.

New Poems 1952: A P.E.N. Anthology

Edited by Clifford Dymont, Roy Fuller and Montagu Slater.

Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.

Between one hunger and the next—three hours.

Between one book and the last—three years.

How can I expect my pen to satisfy my stomach?

I will go to Bombay and become a gaslight lady.

Thus Eurasia Anderson, one of those rare writers who know exactly how much they can do, and do it. The difficulties of our poets have been ever so slightly and never more opportunely eased by the assured publication for at least three years of the present anthology, which has several signs of competent editing. But those moved to cancel their tickets to Bombay should first read of David Wright's visit to a poet in prison. Dilute alcohol apart, Mr. Wright's prisoner is a little dangerously near the poet of the welfare state:

Preferring to try to write

Verses unlikely to sell, in abnormally good

Health, a new suit of clothes, and with regular food,

Cut off from supplies of harmful alcoholic drink, With paper and pen, with a room, and with time to think,

Everything, in fact unnecessary to the Muse,

Suffers barren confinement on the outskirts of Lewes.

And in this volume, whether in the scholarly wit of Mr. Heath-Stubbs on Dr. William Turner, or in the sensitive homage of Mr. Richard Church to Wordsworth, there is much less passion than proficiency. The sheer skilled practice of Mr. MacNeice's admirable verse on Jacob's ladder, as of the conclusion to Mr. Day



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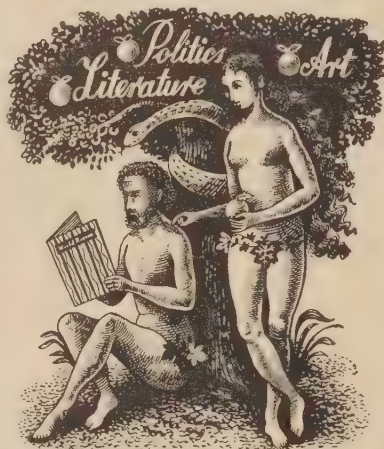
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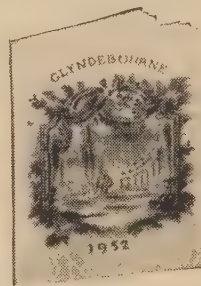
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Lewis' 'Father to Sons', is at that point where the higher journalism carries itself with an air of major poetry. Such skill is applied with much more propriety and power in the work of the younger poet Mr. James Kirkup, who has been awarded a fellowship in modern poetry by the enlightened action of the university of Leeds. 'A Correct Compassion', describing a surgical operation, has the contained excitement of very cool handling of matter of life and death, and the love of precision which in itself is a virtue of this century. It has also an unobtrusive poetic freedom, neatly balanced against the actualities of 'theatre' conversation.

What we do not get, and do not ask, of Mr. Kirkup is the single rhythmic impulse of the opening of Alex Comfort's poem 'The Bees'. Dr. Comfort's bees hold together for four and a half stanzas, then fall apart; like the verse of Mr. Herbert Read, a verse representing—for all its admirable honesty—the weakness of many talents of our time. The weakness is a disintegrative tendency, a failure to make that unity of impression, except in short visual *aperçus*, which is essential to good poetry of whatever degree of complication.

It is because Mr. Dylan Thomas, in spite of the complexity of his work, can achieve both unity and passion, that his poem 'Over Sir John's Hill' gives hope of continued life.

I open the leaves of the water at a passage
Of psalms and shadows among the pincer'd sand-
crabs prancing

And hear, in a shell,
Death clear as a buoy's bell:
All praise of the hawk on fire in hawk-eyed dusk
be sung . . .

This is undoubtedly open to criticism, like any new art: but it is as really perception and inventive use of words as the simpler

Crystal harbour vale
Where the sea cobbles sail,
And wharves of water where the walls dance
and the white cranes sit.

There remains the chief function of a collection such as this: to give a hearing to little-known or unknown authors. And it is here that editorial responsibility and courage will most clearly show themselves. Only in a single case does one detect serious error of judgment, and the inclusion of work by Raymond Richardson and D. J. Enright shows a fresh receptiveness which promises well. An avoidable cause of the present neglect of poetry is that a few too easily achieve publication and praise; and here the editors could charitably be less receptive. Pruning sometimes produces better fruit.

A Sabine Journey

By Anthony Rhodes. Putnam. 18s.

'The word ecstasy', Freya Stark has said, 'is always related to some sort of discovery, a novelty to sense or spirit, and it is in search of this word that, in love, in religion, in art or in travel, the adventurous are ready to face the unknown'. *A Sabine Journey* is a chronicle of ecstasies, made all the easier to experience on a tramp with a donkey through the mountains and down to Rome, by the author's quick eye for character as well as a brilliant sense of narrative. From Terni, at the northern end of the Sabine range, he makes his way southwards through villages where 'the goats fed ubiquitously, some rampant on tubs of water-melon peelings', then east into the high Abruzzi—to Aquila in the shadow of the Gran Sasso; Sulmona, the birthplace of Ovid; Scanno, *la città delle belle donne* and Subiaco, 'in which scenes of such violence have taken place as to make even a hardened student of Italian history boggle'.

Anthony Rhodes describes these scenes and

tells a great many other tales, historic and modern. Yet the chief merit of this book lies in its admirable continuity. There is an anecdote on almost every page, but they never seem irrelevant or even incidental to the main story. So he has some interesting things to say about vipers after being attacked by one in the ruined amphitheatre at Amieternum, and a page or two later finds time to establish the Olympian character of sheep without for a moment distracting one's attention from the setting in which it became apparent to him. Even when listening to the experiences of an Aquilan beggar with Hitler's army outside Orel we still feel ourselves to be in Italy rather than in Russia, because such things could only have happened to an Italian and have been described by him with so much charm and good humour.

It is the nature of these people, with all its complexities and contradictions, that comes most vividly to life. Anthony Rhodes is an acute observer, who comments on what he sees with originality and a sure insight. Except in one instance, when, after an exciting three days with a beautiful and engagingly amorous Albanian girl in Sulmona, he says rather naively: 'This little diversion . . . showed me in the most charming way imaginable the affection with which my race is still regarded by certain foreigners'. But whatever mutual sympathy exists between ourselves and the Italians, he has certainly always done his best to augment it; and no doubt he can be as agreeable a companion in the mountains as he is for his readers throughout this amusing, scholarly, and extremely well written book.

The Root of Europe: Studies in the Diffusion of Greek Culture. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

This finely produced volume owes its existence to the remarkable editor of *The Geographical Magazine*, who perceives that 'the diffusion of anything over the earth's surface is a proper subject for geographical study'. He induced seven authorities—the Headmaster of Harrow, Sir William Tarn, Dr. C. H. V. Sutherland, Mr. H. St. L. B. Moss, Dr. Sherwood Taylor, Mr. Steven Runciman, and Professor Dvornik—to contribute between them ten articles for the *Magazine*, which now appear as chapters in the book. The eminence of the contributors lends it a special authority.

The editor regards the book as illustrating a thesis, which he states in these words: 'Our Western culture gives us no monopoly in the heritage of Greece; "West" and "East" are the heirs of a common testator'. To enforce this opinion (for which the editor accepts sole responsibility) greater stress is laid on the diffusion of Byzantine influence than of the better-known influence which culminated in the Renaissance. Mr. Runciman's and Professor Dvornik's chapters are so interesting that everyone will be glad to have them on any excuse. But in the thesis itself there is only a superficial plausibility. For Constantinople was not truly Greek except in language. It was eager to be Hellenic, but all its instincts drew it towards the east. That is why the westernising effort of Justinian failed. That is why Byzantine literature, struggling always to continue the Greek tradition, is so deplorably poor in quality. Constantinople revealed political genius, but this found expression in an absolute monarchy which was the antithesis of the old Greek individualism. Its preoccupation with theological subtleties led to an 'orthodoxy' which was wholly alien to the classical spirit of free enquiry. This does not prove that the Byzantines were wrong, but it does prove that their Hellenism was a veneer. Byzantinism does not have its root in ancient Greece at all.

The intrinsic value of the book is not impaired by the doubtfulness of Mr. Michael Huxley's thesis. It is in the highest degree instructive to explore the radiations of Greek influence irrespective of any distortions or misconceptions which it may have suffered in the process. Of course all the chapters could not have the same value. It is, for instance, impossible for the most accomplished writer to describe the classical Greek culture, or that of the Renaissance, in a few words. It is possible for Tarn to do it for the Hellenistic culture, because he has a great gift for that kind of thing, and the evidence at his disposal is less overwhelming. He is also aware that what the reader desires is not a synopsis of the facts (which he cannot be expected fully to understand) but the inferences drawn from them by one who has mastered the material. In one or two of the other contributors there is some tendency to supply a decoction of what they know rather than of what they think—a hopeless task within the limits at their disposal. The standard of accuracy is such as might be expected from the scholars concerned. Yet, since even experts are human, some errors have crept in. For instance, it is not the case that Pisistratus was succeeded by the 'first' democracy, or that the Athenians 'prided themselves' on being Ionians, or that they fought 'alone' at the Battle of Marathon. On page 26 we read 'The peninsulas of Hellas and of Italy lie side by side, divided by the narrow Adriatic Sea'. And this remark is passed by *The Geographical Magazine*.

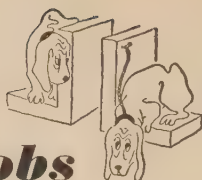
Of the 112 pages which compose the volume perhaps half are occupied by maps and illustrations. The maps have been specially drawn to help out the text, and the serious student will find them useful. But they are rather too small and detailed for the general reader, who will feel tempted to disregard them. On the other hand he will certainly not disregard the pictured works of art, which are alike remarkable for their number, their variety and their interest. A good many of the Byzantine illustrations should be new to him, and as fascinating as new. The reviewer has observed only one mistaken description. The Arcesilaus vase (page 8) is not in the Louvre but in the Cabinet des Médailles of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Cruelty to Children. By Dr. Eustace Chesser. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

Together with the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is a particularly British institution; other nations may copy us, but no other nation has felt, as we have, the need of nation-wide organisations to protect the weak from the strong. The accounts of misused children fill a large portion of our popular press, even in a period of newsprint shortage, and the cases are read with gloating indignation, as we satisfy our morality, our sentimentality and our hidden wishes simultaneously by clamouring for torture of the torturers. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children deals annually with about 40,000 cases involving 100,000 children alleged to be neglected or ill-treated; of these about a thousand reach the law-courts. The Society's annual reports give detailed statistics of this peculiar aspect of English life. But very little is known beyond the shocking figures; a scientific study of the condition evoking classifiable cruelty could be of considerable value.

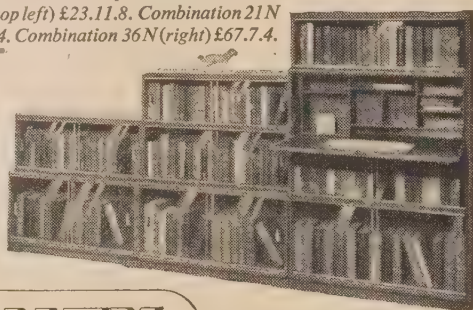
For motives which are no doubt excellent, Dr. Eustace Chesser spent some of his leisure clipping 600 newspaper reports of cases of neglect or cruelty to children coming before magistrates and other courts during the years 1932-33 and 1944-47; a dozen of the juiciest of these are reproduced as irrelevant and undis-

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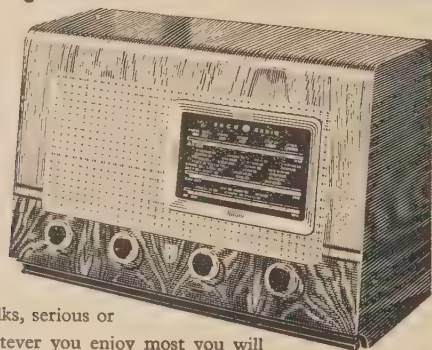
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SPLICERS

cussed chapter headings in the book under review. Basing himself entirely on these newspaper reports, without any further research of any sort, Dr. Chesser has tried to isolate some of the concomitant factors to parental cruelty. He finds the greatest cause to be the 'unwanted child'; but as he naively explains 'unwantedness was assumed whenever one child in a family was singled out for maltreatment'. This is followed by 'low-grade mentality', deduced without any type of psychiatric investigation, followed in turn by 'overburdened mothers'—this meaning a woman under thirty with four or more children, and any woman with over six children. These classifications are artificial; the selection of cases is arbitrary; the work is of little scientific value; but it does provide excuses for Dr. Chesser to ride his favourite hobby horses through 150 pages.

Dr. Chesser might be described as a 'garden city' idealist; life in cities, with its insensate search for pleasure, its abuse of nicotine, alcoholic stimulants and gambling, is bad and unnatural: city life is frustrating (the frustration-aggression hypothesis is the only piece of scientific theory Dr. Chesser employs consistently) and results in aggression which is turned towards children—whence cruelty to children. This hypothesis is perfectly capable of being tested: it could easily be discovered whether more cases were reported proportionately from urban than rural areas; and also whether cruelty to children was as prevalent in other countries of similar urbanisation. But Dr. Chesser is an idealist, rather than a scientist; he knows how he wants people to behave, so it is not necessary to discover how they do in fact behave. Judging by the contents of this book and the titles of his previous publications, he is a particularly ardent advocate for planned parenthood, free birth control clinics, and legalised abortion. He seems haunted by the figure of the 'unwanted child' (a title of one of his earlier books as well as the major theme in the one under review) and seems to think it can be exorcised by greater ease in preventing or interrupting pregnancies. The present book, with its lack of research or novel facts, was presumably written as another platform from which to advocate his favourite ideas.

Like so many idealists of his ilk, the only suggestions Dr. Chesser makes for putting his ideals into practice is a vast increase in the power of the state—with a Children's Charter, a Ministry of Children, and a National Children's Authority with legal rights to enter any home suspected of being 'bad', with power to diagnose and treat 'bad' parents, or in less urgent cases 'power vested to visit such homes regularly'. There must also be 'a continuous propaganda to replace the false ideals of the present day by more genuine values'—obviously the values of the Garden City. The prospect is grisly. Meanwhile some 100,000 children will be neglected or maltreated in the next twelve months; without scientific study we can do nothing to lessen this number.

Portrait of an Admiral: The Life and Papers of Sir Herbert Richmond. By A. J. Marder. Cape. 30s.

My Naval Life

By Stephen King-Hall. Faber. 18s.

Sir Herbert Richmond was that peculiar combination a fighting sailor of the Nelson school and a practical scholar of pre-eminence in the field of naval history. It was not a combination likely to make him *persona grata* in Whitehall, especially as he spoke his mind frankly, and it was the tragedy of his life that he found in actual service little but frustration and disappointment, and the zenith of his career in the mastership of Downing where he established

firmly his claim to rank with Mahan. Richmond was always a voluminous writer of memoranda to his superiors, of 'letters to the editor', of articles and of a dozen and more books in which he left to the world his view of the significance, purpose, and conduct of naval warfare. While in active command he kept something in the nature of a diary, and it is this which Professor Marder has now published with a very brief biographical appreciation, and voluminous notes. The diary is of capital importance to historians, professional and amateur, of the British Navy. To the general public it may seem to concern itself with smallish beer and with details and controversies, personal and otherwise, which, however largely they bulked at the time, are today forgotten, or, if remembered, held to be only of historical interest. But Richmond had so formidable a pen and such powers of exposition that this frank account of his service years in which, as it was never intended for publication, he expressed himself with a pungency which must still make it unpleasant reading for some people, will attract readers to whom the sailor with a pen is a matter of curious interest. They will certainly not go unrewarded but those who will be rewarded most are serious students; it will revive for them many controversies still of importance for the conduct of war and gives details and a viewpoint unobtainable elsewhere.

There is history too in Commander King-Hall's book, as the chapter on Jutland shows, but in the main this is a lighthearted book of naval reminiscences. If he was on occasion dissatisfied, the Commander thoroughly enjoyed most of his experiences, from submarines to teaching at the Staff College, and he lets his enjoyment soak into these pages. There is much that is serious, for the Commander was and is a serious person, but the eye for the comic never failed him and he had, and has, in him the stuff of the practical joker. One jaded reviewer was glad to have the opportunity of many a gentle smile of reminiscent delight, and positively grateful for the chance to break into audible laughter at page 244. This is a pleasant, most readable naval autobiography.

Thomas Carlyle: The Life and Ideas of a Prophet. By Julian Symonds. Gollancz. 21s.

Carlyle, to put it mildly, is not in favour today. It is not only that he prophesied a doom that has overtaken us, but the hero-saviour of his dreams, who was to do away with all 'gigmen' and purge democracy of 'Quackocracy', has emerged as the very embodiment of the doom which he was to challenge and defeat. Equally uncongenial to most contemporary leaders is the kind of man that Carlyle was. His violent dogmatism, his isolationism masquerading as mysticism, his voluble denunciations of sin and moans of self-pity, all grate upon the modern ear.

Truly Mr. Symonds has undertaken a formidable task in trying to restore to Carlyle some of the esteem which he has lost. But he has performed it admirably, with a wit and a humour which are never obtrusive, a selective grasp of an embarrassing amount of material and, which perhaps counts most of all, an ability to look beneath the surface and recognise the reality of a character. This is particularly important in any appraisal of Carlyle, who continually indulged in a verbal extravagance which gave to his writing at its best a volcanic vitality but which, if taken at its face value in his talk, is often misleading. Those who knew him well, including his wife, recognised the grotesque humour which underlay much of his rhetorical rant and also a basic tenderness and simplicity of soul which outweighed his social uncouthness and his moral and intellectual distraction.

By doing full justice to this, both Mr. Symonds'

criticism of Carlyle's moral bigotry and confused radicalism and also his record of his married life reveal the truth without destroying our sense of what was great and good in the man. He is doubtless right in saying that Carlyle survives today in his writings chiefly as an astonishing literary artist, particularly in his portraiture and in his unique capacity for recreating the past in visual scenes. These are the qualities which still give life to *The French Revolution*, to *Sartor Resartus* and *The Life of John Sterling*, even when the irony and compassion, the indignation and humour, seem tiresomely overstrained. But if his social denunciations and prophetic panaceas ring hollow today, it is well to remember the world in which they were uttered, a world of callous industrialism in which the spiritual and physical health of countless men and women was being sacrificed to Mammon. The man who, in Mr. Symonds' words, 'stood with finger outstretched in scornful accusation' of such a society may be forgiven many personal defects.

Of these defects Jane Welsh Carlyle suffered inevitably the stress. But, as Mr. Symonds shows, she, too, had the defects of her gifts and it is even possible that Carlyle suffered more in the depth of his nature from the frustration of a marriage of incompatible temperaments than she did. At least on the surface, she enjoyed more compensations of a social kind in the brilliant circle of admirers who were attracted to her through her husband. Pitiable, too, as were the sorrows and bitterness of their old age, her last eighteen months were a happy triumph and she was spared the torment of later self-reproach which Carlyle endured. Mr. Symonds has told the whole story with the nicest balance of sympathy and justice.

The Autobiography of Frank Richards

By Alex Baron. Skilton. 10s. 6d.

In the first decade of this century millions of people, products of the first thirty years of universal education, became a new factor in the cultural life of Britain. H. G. Wells came of this class and might have taken, as one of his literary archetypes, the man who above all others catered for it with the written word—Alfred Harmsworth. Apart from Harmsworth's newspapers, his Amalgamated Press produced dozens of journals which almost monopolised the newsstands and which created a cultural atmosphere that is still predominant.

In 1907 a young man named Charles Hamilton, a writer of boys' stories, was summoned to Carmelite House, then the headquarters of the Amalgamated Press, and commissioned to write a series of stories about a public school for a new weekly, *The Magnet*. He took the pen-name of Frank Richards and created Greyfriars; and so was born one of the few legendary characters of twentieth-century British literature, perhaps the only one whose name has passed into universal colloquial usage, Billy Bunter.

A number of critics have discussed the significance of this kind of fiction, and of the Greyfriars legend in particular, notably George Orwell in his famous essay in *Horizon*. In the *Autobiography of Frank Richards* Mr. Hamilton, who has lived to see his characters brought new glory by television, tells his story with an innocence that one is tempted (it is surely a compliment, since he is now eighty years old) to call boyish. He lived the formative years of his life in that period before 1914 which was, for him at least, an era mild and joyful and golden as May, and he has been fortunate enough, in a horribly changed world, to go on living enclosed in the aura of those vanished days. This is the key to the stories produced by his creative and enormously fruitful imagination.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Round Britain

IF VIEWERS' FEELINGS about last Friday night's programme called 'Harwell, 1946-1951' could have been thoroughly sifted, psychologists as well as the audience research people might have had a rewarding time. There was a good deal to disturb our thinking and, in spite of the cautiously optimistic hopes and assurances expressed by the experts, for some of us 'the pile' contained the threat of cataclysm, not the promise of salvation. No doubt that state of mind would be susceptible to the analytic method too.

As a programme, 'Harwell, 1946-1951' was an imposing challenge to the ingenuity of its producers, who may have done better than they expected if not as well as they wished. There was too much looking out of the picture by the scientists engaged in the chain of explanatory processes, as if they were not sure of their cues. The atmosphere of the lecture hall was often oppressively with us. 'On my right we

that may be the source of some of his most dreaded ills. This programme testified to something more than insatiable curiosity. It also demonstrated a spirit of adventure in television itself.

A *Radio Times* article of a year ago, 'The Magic of Wimbledon', provoked the comment here that not enough of the magic came through to the television viewer. Last week another article headed 'The Magic of Wimbledon' appeared in the same place; and again it is necessary to report that the spell lost much of its power somewhere in the maze of operations between scene and screen. There were many far from compelling view-

shots all the nation's games mistresses were present. Still very much of a mystery is the size of the viewing public. My guess, which is as good as yours, is that it does not warrant the extravagance of expense and effort which the B.B.C. puts into transmitting these cham-



Two Wimbledon champions as seen by viewers on the television screen: F. Sedgman playing against J. Drobny in the final of the men's singles on July 4; and Maureen Connolly playing against Louise Brough in the final of the women's singles on July 5

John Cura



'Harwell, 1946-1951': a chemist demonstrating the handling of radio-active material

have . . . ' or 'Next we come to . . . ' is not conducive to the highest quality of attentiveness in an audience, however mixed. Presumably the atmosphere of 'security' was even more pervasive and some of the faces that came on to our screens suggested victims rather than conquerors. All the same, this was fascinating television, our business here. When the worker in the Harwell inner zone of danger came before us so grimly habited that he could be talked to only by telephone even at a distance of two feet, we realised that science has caught up at last with the Wellsian romances. Perhaps, sartorially, that is the shape of suits to come; perhaps future man will have to dress like that as protection against the radio-active cosmic dust

ing moments, which does not mean that, technically, the B.B.C. Television Service was not on its toes like the players. My impression is that the picture definition was superior to that of last season, but as a hardened viewer I should have been content with the telefilm epitome given us at the end of each of the principal days' play. This year's Wimbledon telefilms were on the whole very good, an improvement on those of last year. They were edited more selectively and the commentaries were better.

The cameras at Wimbledon showed us a preponderantly feminine crowd, and judging by the deep-throated gasps of dismay at muffed

pionship events to distant viewers. I do not believe that there are enough tennis enthusiasts at large on any afternoon except Saturday to compose into anything like the vast viewing crowd implied by the lavishness of the broadcasts.

More enjoyable pictorially was the golf at Wentworth, despite sunspot malice, for which McDonald-Hobley was put on to apologise with suitable diffidence. We have been shown bits of tournaments in 'Television Newsreel', but this was the first time that an important golf match had been arranged specially for us, the viewers. Whether it can be taken as a lead-in to more spectacular possibilities—an Open Championship or a Ryder Cup match—is a point that may be discussed now with a new liveliness. To televise golf effectively involves technical problems not immediately clear to a majority of viewers. Judging by this experimental programme, the results in terms of visual interest are worth trying for.

I have not been a golfer for some time, but watching this tournament stirred up the encouraging reminder that I have known an old gentleman who started playing golf at seventy-three and lived to be ninety-two. Michael Henderson brought the 'star' players in front of the camera and microphone, and sent them away again, with unusual dispatch for a television interviewer, and Henry Longhurst set the tribe of commentators a good example by not commenting too much.

'Background to Sport' pursued the reigning passion to Edgbaston, headquarters of Warwickshire County Cricket Club, where at the end of a day's play we met some of the people who keep a county cricket organisation going on its administrative and maintenance side. Barrie Edgar produced a batch of informative interviews, revealing the wealth of varied experience



K. Bousfield of Coombe Hill in play against L. F. Rowe of Hampstead during the Daks Golf Tournament at Wentworth Golf Club, Surrey. The television transmitter aerial can be seen in the background

centred in the county club secretary's office.

Sport of a more ferocious kind appeared in the latest instalment of 'About Britain', in which we were witnesses of a shark kill in Scottish waters. An anonymous and skilful cameraman had secured shots of a thirty-foot basking monster's last few hellish minutes. Richard Dimpleby seemed to be afflicted by attacks of inattention during his interviews, which were otherwise full of appeal to both eye and ear. 'About Britain' is a series which ambles enticingly along on its journey, assisted by a reliable but undistinguished script.

We were pitched back into the past again in 'History in Gold and Silver', the programme about the Goldsmiths' Hall and the traditions of craftsmanship which it guards and extends. The maces of our various borough corporations made a fine spectacle. Television showed the transformation of the mace from weapon of war to constitutional symbol, an evolutionary change cast on to our screens in a series of admirable pictures.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Foreign Parts

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN, from the opening phrases of a play, the mind is stirred: one enters the author's world as easily as the children of E. Nesbit's fantasy used to pass through the arch of the magic amulet. Then, as a rule, all is well. But at other times, and as, I fear, during 'The Zykovs' (Third), one waits in vain, conscious only of the author's struggle to declare himself, and realising that those voices from the radio set have established no illusion, built no scene. In Maxim Gorki's play it was not the fault of the producer (Mary Hope Allen) or of her equally excellent cast: they could not well have done more with material so intractable. Events began, according to the narrator, on a stifling afternoon in a small provincial town of pre-revolutionary Russia. But the play itself stifled the imagination, blanketed it. I remembered the schoolboy's answer, 'Britain is an island entirely surrounded by foreign parts'. There were curious goings-on in these foreign parts on Sunday night, but clearly my passport was mislaid.

A father snatches his son's proposed bride at the betrothal breakfast. A useful beginning: we go on from this. Alas, though Gorki tries hard to show to us the anvil of thundercloud rising above the Zykovs, we do not observe the lightning. Sunday's cast represented with spirit the ruthlessness and the sentimental. I remember now the tones of Beatrix Lehmann, who can bite into a phrase as not many actresses can; the full-scale attack of Frederick Valk; the truth of Peggy Bryan and Michael Warre; and a scene for Leonard Sachs whose voice, for some reason, reminded me of an electric fan. But the play (to one listener at least) had not the power to move: it stayed obstinately in foreign parts.

Christopher Mayhew's 'Those In Favour' (Home), with its post-revolutionary Russians at Lake Success, came through much more persuasively from the start. This is a drama, craftily-plotted, about the oddities of modern politics, sultry work in the cold war. I cannot say if it is really the sort of thing that enlivens meetings at Lake Success. For all that, one of the uninstructed is quite prepared to believe Mr. Mayhew's drama (too talkative though it is) and to accept his local colour. Again Mary Hope Allen produced sharply, and Robert Harris was everything a United Kingdom delegate ought to be in awkward circumstances.

A small feature, 'Billy Bray' (Home) took us no further into foreign parts than across the

River Tamar. Billy, who had been 'caught by the Devil' (but this was at Tavistock in Devon) and had later reformed, is one of the strange figures of Cornwall: the 'King's son', as he called himself, a miner and a Bible Christian who was among his county's most potent religious revivalists. Cornwall produced many of these local preachers whose eloquence could transfigure the chapels that were raised and maintained, often by the subscriptions of the needy, as acts of faith. None of these men has kept the popular mind like Billy Bray, whose gusty humour—brought out well in Aileen Mills' programme—freshened his rhetoric. Billy was always a merry man; his was never a message of woe, even if his methods of practising what he preached must now and again have troubled his wife. Bernard Fishwick was happier in the simple to-and-fro, less good in the set-pieces which hardly suggested Billy's oratorical power. Still, all in all, this forty minutes (produced by Owen Reed) caught something of its subject's fervour, and for once no one could have complained of Mummerstet folk-weave: the speech was pure Cornish.

Last, to foreign parts again, to 'Fools of Time' (Third), and to Venice—the city, 'half marble and half water', where we meet Shakespeare's 'Mr. W. H.' When I first heard this Michael Innes programme, it seemed to be wordy and vague: but, recalling it now, I find it has hung in the memory, evil shed away, as a poignant autumnal invention. It was aided by the voices of John Laurie and of Robert Eddison, whose speaking of the 107th Sonnet (the 'mortal moon') was one of the most sensitive things I have heard in broadcast drama this year.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Books and Places

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER completed at the beginning of last week a miniature series called 'Englishmen's Castles'. I call it miniature not only because each talk lasted for only fifteen minutes and there were only three of them, but because each had the clear definition of a miniature. In his own brand of light, colloquial talk, which his not quite English accent makes only the more attractive, he is an admirable broadcaster. Nor is it only his style which is so enjoyable. In what seems to be the lightest conversation he administers doses of history, biography and art history so deftly stirred into the prescription that the result seems to be all sugar and no pill. His final talk, on Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill at Twickenham which, as Walpole pointed out, was not only a 'good address' but also a locality where 'dowagers are as plentiful as flounders', was the best of all. But then the Georgian villa which was gradually transformed by Walpole into a sham gothic castle and has now, by a freak of fate, become a Roman Catholic training college, was, one might think, created expressly for Professor Pevsner to play with and analyse.

From Robert Furneaux Jordan's 'Ruskin in Venice' we received an impression of a different kind, in fact three impressions blended into one—of Ruskin himself, of Ruskin confronted and conquered by the magnificence of Venice, and of Venice seen through the eyes of Mr. Jordan. It was a fascinating and richly-coloured picture, a worthy companion piece to his recent talk on Ravenna. Another Italian theme, Leonardo da Vinci, was discussed by D. J. Gordon, Professor of English at Reading. He had had the interesting notion of comparing the views on Leonardo of such writers as Lanzi, Stendhal, Michelet, Burckhardt, Pater, Merezhkovsky and Freud. 'The da Vinci Legend' was in fact, as he put it, a study of 'the survival of the

individual in history'. There is little wonder that a genius such as Leonardo, the *uomo universale*, should fascinate all who have studied him; yet I wonder sometimes in my less reverent moments, especially when I recall a famous passage in Pater, whether La Gioconda's smile has not been endowed by some of them with a portentousness beside which even the head-shake of Sheridan's Burleigh sinks into insignificance.

In his 'Talking of Books' last week Walter Allen spoke of Douglas Hewitt's recently published *Conrad: A Reassessment* and also of his own second thoughts on re-reading some of Conrad's novels and stories, with the result that I have begun to re-read *Nostromo*. Not infrequently I heard talks on books that rouse in me the impulse to read or re-read them, but it takes a very good one to drive the impulse into performance. Mr. Allen's talks are a welcome event each Sunday afternoon and I strongly recommend them to all book-lovers.

I am one of those readers who have not only to see but to hear the phrases I read; consequently I am a slow reader, consequently I have not time to read detective novels, and consequently, in fine, Georges Simenon is no more than a well-known name to me. All the same, I expected some pleasure and possibly some profit from Harold Nicolson's conversation with him. Mr. Nicolson is always well worth hearing and so, I can well believe, is M. Simenon. Unhappily I was unable to catch a sufficient percentage of his words and phrases to grasp what he was talking about and was compelled, about half-way through, to close down in despair.

In 1687, it appears, a Japanese writer called Saikaku wrote a story which has been translated into neat and racy English by Donald Keene and called 'The Passionate Cooper'. It is a trifling little tale of patient love rewarded, told with an artfulness which held the listener as absorbed as a child at bedtime. Robert Rierty read it delightfully.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

For Connoisseurs

THE THIRD OF THE CONCERTS devoted to early dramatic works by Mozart brought the earliest of all—'Die Schuldigkeit des ersten Gebotes'. What a text and what a title to set before a boy of ten! One wonders how much Wolfgang understood of this Morality Play with its disembodied Virtues. He certainly made no serious attempt at characterising these personages in his music, and even opens the aria of Gerechtheit ('Erwache, erwache, fauler Knecht!') not with a stern summons to duty, but with an almost tender phrase marked *piano*. We must not, therefore, criticise Jennifer Vyvyan for making of it no particular dramatic effect. Individual words stimulated the boy's imagination or rather his imitative skill. References to thunder, sleep, a lion and so on are accompanied by their appropriate sounds in the orchestra. Papa Leopold was an adept at that kind of thing. The remarkable thing about the work is the resourcefulness of the orchestration (within its narrow limits) and still more the effectiveness of the recitatives. Here are remarkable anticipations of future mastery, and at least once (in the passage about Hell) there is a glimpse of imaginative power. On this account the piece was worth doing for the benefit of connoisseurs, and it was moreover remarkably well done under Harry Blech's direction, with especially fine singing from Elizabeth Schwarzkopf and Raymond Nilsson.

Thirteen years separated the oratorio from 'Idomeneo', which was broadcast last week from Glyndebourne. Here again is a work for connoisseurs in the sense that it can never now

At home to Mr Robertson

IT IS A FINE THING, someone once said, to have ancestors; but if you have none worth speaking about, it is not a bad plan to set up in the business yourself. There are towns like this. The guide books are terse about them. 'Pop. 18,157; early closing Wednesday; nothing noteworthy to see...' There are many such, not quite new and not very old, whose traditions are still in the making.

IT WAS in a town of this kind that Mr. Robertson came to live. As he surveyed it for the first time, it looked commonplace enough; the old weathered cottages, the newer houses and the tarmac road that led along the valley to the ironworks beyond.

NOTHING noteworthy—or so it would have seemed to Baedeker. But Mr. Robertson was not a starry-eyed visitor. He had come here because he had a job to do. To him there was one thing very noteworthy about the little town. It was full of people. People and their problems were Mr. Robertson's business.

THEY have been the concern of Mr. Robertson, his colleagues and his predecessors for just over a century—although not always to the same extent as today. Mr. Robertson's business, which is home service insurance, has developed in much the same way as the town in which he came to work. Like cities many times its size, its social pattern reflects in miniature the story of a nation's growth. Every week, from Friday to Thursday, Mr. Robertson cycles through a century of history; from the old farmhouses on the village outskirts, through the 'new' but sooty town to the villas on the windward side of the smoke. There are families in every row, street and crescent who are at home, on one day or another, to Mr. Robertson.

'POP. 18,157...' Most of it is in the 'new' town that Mr. Robertson visits on a Friday evening, for it is reasonable to collect insurance premiums when people find it easiest to pay them. Hereabouts this Friday evening visit has been a custom for as long as there have been local traditions of any kind. No one, save for a few cottagers, lived here before the mineral quarries were opened and the ironworks built. Ever since, the insurance man's regular call has been an accepted feature of domestic routine. Often enough, family problems are stored up during the week for his attention.

THIS valley town, like many others, has had its ups and downs; today it is one of the all-important reservoirs of Britain's productive energy. And Mr. Robertson—like the fitters and foremen and



clerks he visits in their homes and sometimes in the works canteen—is also playing a part in keeping the nation's economy on an even keel; in helping, perhaps, to turn the wheels within the factory gates.

FOR MONEY is needed to keep these wheels spinning. Mr. Robertson's policyholders are among the millions of families who help to provide it and who enjoy, in consequence, the security that wisely-spread investments yield. To offer this extra measure of security, a family safeguard for the present and often a provision for the future as well, is the primary purpose of life assurance. But if the intention to save were not constantly refreshed by painstaking personal attention, the nation, no less than the individual policyholder, would be poorer.

THE voluntary effort of countless families throughout the country, aided by the service that Mr. Robertson and his colleagues bring to their homes, enables millions of pounds which would otherwise be 'spending money' to be funnelled off every year to augment the nation's savings. A large part of the funds administered for the policyholders provides capital resources which invigorate vital productive industries.

MR. ROBERTSON may or may not reflect on these affairs as he cycles home to a belated meal. Most likely his thoughts are elsewhere. For his concern is with the people, provident and happy-go-lucky alike, whose needs and problems he has come to understand so well.

HIS interests are intimately linked with theirs. And if he reaches home to find an urgent call to be dealt with before he finally turns in—well, that is just one of the services which play an indispensable part in sustaining this nationwide thrift movement.

win the general popularity of 'Figaro' or 'Don Giovanni'. It says a great deal for the musical intelligence of the Glyndebourne audience that an opera in this form which demands for its appreciation the exercise of a certain amount of historical imagination, should have proved sufficiently attractive last year to make its retention in the repertory assured.

Apart from the conductor the only important change in the cast was in the part of Electra, sung this year by Maria Kinasiewicz. In the performance I heard she seemed too careful in her vocalisation to achieve the dramatic effect of Electra's tigerish outburst. She was at her best, therefore, in the more gentle aria in Act II. Sena Jurinac's performance as Ilia has grown

in subtlety and her singing was even better and more assured than last year, so that, even without the sight of the dramatic action and of Oliver Messel's beautiful setting, this was a special treat for musical ears. The two tenors, Richard Lewis and Leopold Simoneau, were so well contrasted in vocal quality that the listener at home could have little difficulty in identifying them. Mr. Lewis has done nothing better than this tragic study of distraction. The four soloists blended their voices admirably in the famous quartet. John Pritchard, who has taken the place of the late Fritz Busch at the conductor's desk, proved himself thoroughly worthy of his promotion. His tempi were always convincing and he accompanied the

singers with great skill. Only in the particular performance I heard there seemed to me to be a lack of tension in the rhythm, which (I understand) was not apparent at other performances.

The new opera by Juan-José Castro, 'Proserpina e lo Straniero', never quite overcame the handicap of a complex and unnecessarily sordid libretto. Each age is justified in refashioning the old myths in its own way, but must our own so often change the setting to what RADIO TIMES politely called 'a lodging-house'? After a desolating first act the composer gave evidence of a genuine feeling for vocal melody and for its dramatic exploitation, which one hopes he will develop and put to better use.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Buxtehude and the Harpsichord

By KATHLEEN DALE

Recitals of Buxtehude's keyboard music will be broadcast at 10.55 p.m. on Sunday, July 13, 10.40 p.m. on Tuesday, July 15, and 10.45 p.m. on Saturday, July 19 (all Third)

DIETRICH BUXTEHUDE, the organist of St. Mary's Church, Lübeck, whose renown as a composer and performer drew the twenty-year-old Johann Sebastian Bach from Arnstadt, 200 miles away, to hear him play and to study his methods of composition, is a clearly-defined personality in the history of music. His name is indissolubly connected with the famous *Abendmusiken* which he inaugurated at St. Mary's and at which his own church cantatas were performed with orchestral accompaniment; he was the founder of a line of important organists; with his splendid toccatas, fugues and chorale-variations for the organ and his chamber trio-sonatas he held a central position in the North German school of instrumental composition. His influence upon Bach was decisive for the younger master's musical style, especially in the sphere of the chorale-prelude.

As a composer of harpsichord music, however, Buxtehude has remained a shadowy figure until recent times. His works in this medium are known to have been admired during his lifetime, but few, if any, were printed. Had it not been for the industry of his adherents in making manuscript copies of them, and for the devotion of their descendants in preserving these valuable documents, the music would not be available for performance today. Even now, although a fine collection of the harpsichord music is in print, one of Buxtehude's compositions that would be profoundly interesting to present-day music-lovers cannot be traced: a set of seven suites in which, according to Johann Mattheson's description, 'the nature and character of the planets are agreeably expressed'.

Buxtehude was of North German origin and he spent the greater part of his life at Lübeck, from 1668 until his death in 1707, but his exact nationality is difficult to establish. His birthplace has been given variously as Helsingborg in Sweden and Helsingör in Denmark. Recent research by Professor Wilhelm Stahl reported in *Die Musikforschung* in January 1951 claims to prove that he was born at Oldesloe in Holstein. There, his grandfather Diderich and his father Johannes had been born, and thence the latter migrated to Scandinavia in 1638, the year after Dietrich's birth. Johannes was organist at Helsingborg before he settled in Helsingör: a fact that may be responsible for Buxtehude's close artistic relations with Swedish, as well as with Danish musicians, and for the subsequent preservation in both Sweden and Denmark of autographs and manuscript copies of his works. The University Libraries of Uppsala and Lund,

and a descendant of the choirmaster of Roskilde Cathedral, Johan Christian Ryge (1688-1758), are now the principal Scandinavian owners of these treasures.

It is to the last-named source that we are indebted for the substantial volume of Buxtehude's harpsichord music which was first published in 1941. It comprises the nineteen suites and six sets of variations which had been copied into an album belonging to the Ryge family by an unknown seventeenth-century musician. The music was written in the German organ tablature customary at the period of its origin and had to be translated into modern notation before being published: a task that was carried out by the choirmaster of Roskilde Cathedral, Emilius Bangert, who also wrote the historical and critical preface to this first printed edition of works composed over two hundred years earlier. Only one of the pieces is known to exist in another manuscript; the Suite in E minor, No. 11, of which a copy written in lute tablature is in the Uppsala collection.

The suites are short and concise. They consist only of the four obligatory dance movements: allemande, courante, sarabande and gigue; but this uniform design is now and again enlarged to include a second sarabande or a single variation of the allemande or courante. Each suite is in one key and mode throughout. By comparison with the much longer and more varied suites of Bach, Handel and the French *clavécinistes*, Buxtehude's are slight in dimensions and their range of tonality is limited, but they are powerful in effect. They say much within a little space, and say it with appealing dignity and clarity.

Buxtehude followed established custom by basing the allemande and the courante of each suite on the same thematic material. In the Seventh Suite in D minor he went a step further by including one of the two sarabandes within the same monothematic plan. This procedure, which is akin to the writing of variations, is seen at its most developed in his partita 'Auf meinen lieben Gott', in each of whose five movements the melody of a German chorale (later used by Bach) is presented in different guises. Although the piece is published among Buxtehude's organ works it is essentially harpsichord music; the style of the keyboard writing in no way differs from that of the composer's suites in the Ryge album.

The part-writing in the suites is seldom strict. It alternates freely between two, three and four parts in the manner of lute music, and is sometimes more chordal than contrapuntal. Only very occasionally does it approach the fugal

style, as in the giges of the Suites in C major, No. 5 and A minor, No. 18. This plasticity of texture is matched by strong rhythmic flexibility. The phrase-construction is often fascinatingly irregular; conventional four-bar and eight-bar phrases are extended and contracted as the music pursues its way with untrammelled freedom. Despite its restrained expressive qualities and its sombre colouring, it compels the listener's close attention. The fundamental tranquillity is enhanced rather than disturbed by the subtle rhythmic fluctuations. Structurally the individual movements are all in simple binary form, and many are composed in one type of figuration throughout. A typical and beautiful example is the sarabande of the Tenth Suite in E minor, in which a delicate pattern of broken chords persists the whole way through. In other movements, the figuration of the second half differs from that of the first, particularly in a few of the giges, where the two halves are metrically dissimilar. The giges as a whole show greater variety in conception than the other movements. They are written in both 12/8 time, in resiliently springing quavers, and in 6/4 or 3/4 time, when the melody is less fluent and the part-writing almost severe in style.

Prominent features of Buxtehude's harpsichord music are a preference for the expressive middle register of the keyboard, and an almost complete avoidance of sequential passages such as play so large a part in the music of a slightly later period. Other distinguishing traits are the interpolation of sudden little cascades of quick notes in movements in slow tempo, and of short phrases in jaunty dotted rhythm in otherwise smoothly flowing passages; the use of emphatically repeated notes in the melody, especially at cadences, and of chromatic alterations that stand out sharply against the prevailing diatonic background.

The variations show a very different aspect of Buxtehude's style. The quiet, reserved manner of the suites changes to gaiety, and the keyboard writing becomes exuberant. The two longest sets are filled with bold experiments. These are 'La Capricciosa', thirty-two variations on a variant of the tune 'Kraut und Rüben', well known from its intrusions in the 'Quodlibet' of Bach's 'Goldberg Variations'; and the ten variations on the students' song 'More Palatino'. In 'La Capricciosa', passages of swirling demi-semiquavers, a section in acutely chromatic part-writing, scales in contrary motion, and combinations of staccato and legato figuration all play a surprising and exciting part. Virtuosity has triumphed over reticence.

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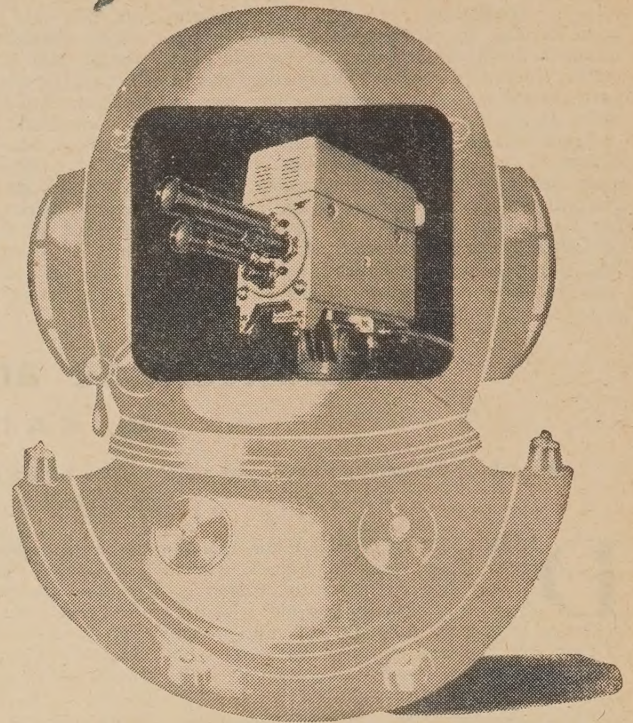
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For the Housewife

Keeping the Insects at Bay

By W. P. MATTHEW

FIND that one of the greatest nuisances among summer pests is the ordinary ant. Ants are outdoor insects and they rarely breed in houses, but they do enter in search of food. So, as with all other pests—flies particularly—you cannot be too fussy about not leaving scraps about during the summer. Sooner or later, though, you are likely to find that the ants have penetrated to the larder. I find the best thing to use is powdered borax. Sprinkle it about the shelves and the ants will disappear. At the same time check up on the way they are entering and leaving the house, and use an insecticide containing D.D.T. at these points.

Of course you will have to be prepared to carry on with this treatment for a little while; they are persistent and are very loath to take 'no' for an answer. Also, unless you trace the ants to their nests, you will have the job to do all over again in a week or two. Most ants travel in definite paths to and from the nest, and with a little trouble you can trace the paths. You can generally spot the entrance to the nest by a small pile of very fine earth deposited during building operations. Open up the place with a spade and then either pour boiling water over it, or use an insecticide, or both. Keep your eye on it, and if there is any sign of activity in a day or two, repeat the dose. In August the ants grow wings and leave the colony in swarms to mate, and increased vigilance at this time will prevent the establishment of new colonies.

Flies are a greater menace to health than ants, because they feed and breed on filth of all kinds, and carry the germs about. At all cost keep them out of larders and, if your larder has a window, use a wire screen. Generally about the house I do not think you can do better than use

a spray with a D.D.T. insecticide. Close the doors and windows while you spray, and leave them closed for a while afterwards. The vapour will kill the flies, and where a surface has been treated with D.D.T., it will kill flies for days afterwards, if it is not washed off. The old-fashioned sticky fly-paper has been largely superseded in these days by paper treated with D.D.T. Of course you do not get the same evidence of effectiveness, because you do not see the surface gradually being covered with dead flies. The fly does not die immediately on contact with the D.D.T., but it becomes paralysed and dies later.

Wasps are another curse, especially on fine days when you like to have tea in the garden. Here again the thing to do is to find the nest, and destroy it with boiling water and D.D.T. I find, though, that you can trap the odd wasps which make a nuisance of themselves at tea time. Three or four jam jars with a little treacle or sugar, and with some water in them, placed round the spot where you have tea, will attract them even more than the jam on the table.

Lastly, I have had a few letters about black beetles. First, stop all the holes and cracks where you suspect the beetles come from. Then feed them with equal parts of oatmeal and ordinary plaster. Add a little sugar and then put the mixture about in tiny heaps at night. The plaster fixes them. Then you can make traps with saucers containing a little stale beer. Round the edge of the saucers lean some bits of cardboard, then they will climb up during the night and drown themselves: it sounds funny, but it is true.

* * *

To keep your food fresh in summer: salad stuff and green vegetables will not wilt if you wrap them in newspaper and put them into a con-

tainer with a close fitting lid—a biscuit tin is ideal. Bread keeps better if it is wrapped too. If you cannot get wrapped loaves, keep a sheet or two of grease-proof paper for the purpose. Fish is better kept dry than wet, even if you put ice in the water. Dry it with a cloth as soon as you get it home and lay it across a plate. As for meat, if for any reason you do not want to cook it right away, hang it up in a loose bag of butter muslin wrung out in water or better still in vinegar. If you hang two or three wet cloths in the larder, they will make a surprising difference to the temperature, so long as there is a current of air; I arrange this by leaving the window of the larder open.

Notes on Contributors

WILLIAM COURTENAY, O.B.E., M.M. (page 43): air correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*

KUSHWANT SINGH (page 45): author, journalist, and barrister-at-law; press attaché to the Indian High Commissioner, London, 1948-51

LORD HAILEY, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E. (page 47): late Indian Civil Service; member of the Permanent Mandates Commission, League of Nations, 1935-39; Director of the African Research Survey, 1935-38; member of the Rhodes Trust; author of *Native Administration in the British African Territories*, *The Future of Colonial Peoples*, *An African Survey*, etc.

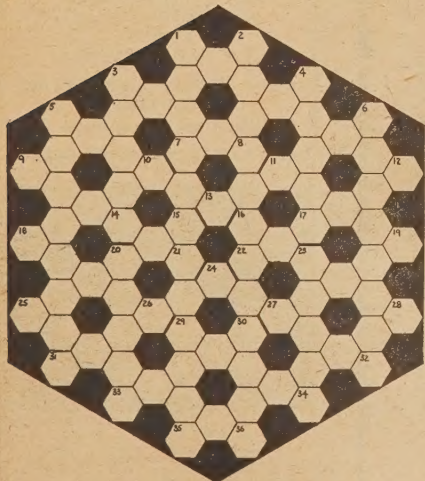
MICHAEL VENTRIS, A.R.I.B.A. (page 57): practising architect; has been working on the Minoan scripts for fifteen years

J. M. COCKING (page 63): Lecturer in French, King's College, London

Crossword No. 1,158. Honeycomb—VII. By Tracer

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 17



The answers to the first seven clues (i.e., all the vertically downwards words) are to be entered unchanged. Each of the other twenty is to have its letters jumbled before entry, the order of the jumbled letters of each word being determined solely by crossings with those of other words. None of the jumbings makes a word. As will be seen, there are no unchecked letters, and each of the ninety white hexagons is associated with two answers, and two answers only. Each answer extends in a straight line from the first to the second of the diagram-numbers given at its clue.

CLUES

1-35 and 2-36. What one sent to 'impudent children' said after he had eaten a roll (8 words: 3, 2, 3, 2, 2, 5, 2, 5). 3-14. Property (5). 20-33. One organ in another gives courage (5). 4-17. Artifice (5). 23-34. A girl and I build water-raising apparatus (5). 5-31. Aberdonian crutches (8). 6-32. Cruel, as Naomi was not (8). 9-21. Many attempts have been made to reform this list (6). 24-32. A spectre wriggles in Dumfriesshire (6). 5-13. Most discriminating theatres (6). 16-28. Wine to steal, as you may have heard (6). 18-26. Crowd (5). 29-34. Landmark high up (5). 3-8. Lean (5). 11-19. Head-shaped reliquaries (5). 25-36. Made of a Parthian mineral substance described by Pliny (8). 1-12. Takes shelter in an untidy public house in times set aside for prayer (8). 6-13. Sounds of cricket (6). 15-25. Places that may be associated with drawers (6). 12-22. Peaks,

isolated but set differently (6). 24-31. Half stupid worry (6). 4-7. Spoils could make some part of *rus in urbe* (5). 10-18. Shoal or glut (5). 19-27. Puts out sounds (5). 30-33. Producing tension in anything put on ice to cool (5). 2-9. Clear in meaning to the Roman if it is in Latin (8). 28-35. Dip in this calmness for the faculty of making happy accidental discoveries (8).

Solution of No. 1,156

S	U	M	M	E	R	D	I	S	A	B	U	S	E
K	A	I	A	A	D	I	N	E	R				
I	N	S	U	R	A	N	C	E	B	R	O	K	E
P	S	T	D	S	N	N	A						
J	E	W	S	H	A	R	P	A	Y	T	O	U	N
A	O	Y	O	C	E	M	W	T					
C	A	R	P	A	C	C	O	M	P	A	N	Y	
K	E	T	E	L	N	H	G	B					
C	H	A	M	P	I	E	R	L					
S	I	B	S	I	C	A	U						
C	A	N	T	O	N								
E	G	D	A	U	R	T	G						
N	O	T	T	I	N	G	H	A	M	S	H	I	R
I	O	E	R	L	O	S	T	O					
C	A	N	A	D	I	A	N						

Prizewinners:
1st prize: R. P. Bolton (Birkenhead); 2nd prize: A. C. Ruffhead (Rickmansworth); 3rd prize: A. J. Hughes (Sutton Coldfield)

NOTES

1A. Two meanings. 2D. 'Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs. Worthington'. 4A. Sabu. 13D. Sonnet 123 (Bray, 94). 17D. See *Oxford Concise Dict.* word peculiar to eighteenth century. 22A. Anton. 24D. Wagram.

CROSSWORD RULES.—(1) Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. (2) Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps. Each competitor is allowed to submit only one solution, but legitimate alternatives are accepted. (3) Collaborators may send in only a single joint solution. (4) Subject to the above rules the senders of the first three correct solutions opened are awarded a book token of the values specified. (5) In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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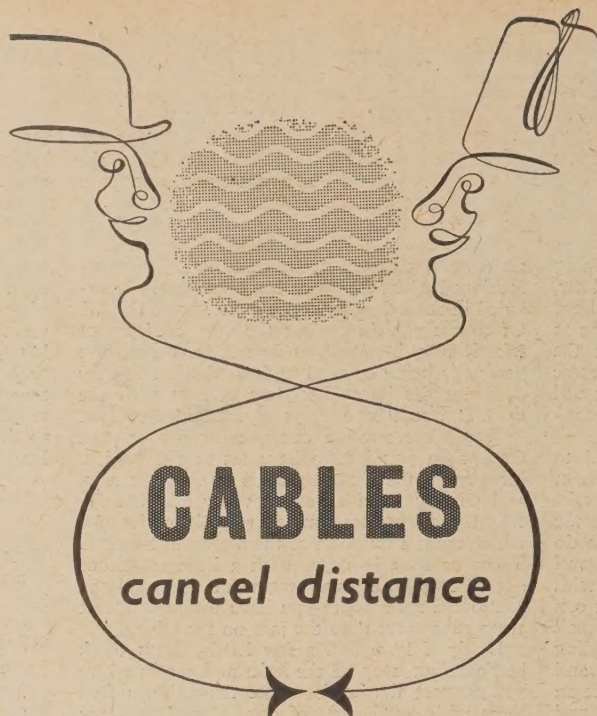
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